THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 67. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 720 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1888. $4.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 32

IF LOVE WILL STAY.

BY J. W. WHITE.

If love will stay, what matter what may go!
Like prisoned roots beneath the silent snow,
A force abides to deck the world again,
And clothe with sweetest flowers and richest grain,
Though loud dull care may howl and troubles blow.

Riches may vanish, fame no longer gain,
Health languish; let the Fates wreak might and main
Their heaviest blows, and you shall comfort know,
If love will stay.

The one true link that binds life here below,
The one clear beam of that far distant glow
Where life is love, and the eternal plain
Of Heaven but shows love without fault or stain,
While earth reflects the best that Heaven can show,
If love will stay.

From Out the Storm.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DICK'S SWEETHEART," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AROUND the house the wind was shrieking with mournful vehemence, now and then flinging great drops of rain against the window-panes. The moon, which half an hour before was shining with exquisite brilliancy, now lay hidden behind banks of heavy clouds; and the fitful gusts of wind that swept round corners and moaned through the pine-branches betokened a storm before the morning, whilst up from the sea came the sad, monotonous roar of the waves as they thundered on the giant rocks.

"There is thunder in the air," said Lady Mary, looking up thoughtfully.

She spoke in a subdued tone, as if awed by the majesty of the elements without; and she let her hands fall idly upon her knees as she listened to the sound of the wind and rain.

Lady Mary looked older than she really was; but her face was still beautiful, in spite of years of trouble and ill-health. She was a tall, stately woman, with severely aristocratic features, and the distinguished air which cannot be acquired.

She was knitting placidly, the fine red silk she used bringing out in striking relief her thin white hands. Occasionally she raised her head to cast a glance of unaffected tenderness upon a lad of about fifteen, who was bending over a book at a small table near.

A reading-lamp stood upon this table; and the boy's face gave signs of rather earnest study than enjoyment of ordinary light reading. He was Lady Mary's nephew, the son of her dead brother, and the last of his name. In him—this youthful Earl—all her hopes were centred; and she lavished upon him a mother's love—she who had never been a mother.

A changed expression passed over her face as the storm developed. On just such a night as this her brother, Lord Wriothesley, the father of the lad before her, had been thrown from his horse and brought home to the Towers lifeless. On such a night two long years back her true love, to whom she was to have been married on that day week, was drowned off St. David's Head.

Alas for such storms as these! They boded no good to the race to which she belonged, and which seemed to be now fast drawing to its close. She sighed heavily, and leaned back in her chair. Once more mechanically her fingers took up and continued the knitting, whilst her eyes travelled vacantly round the octagon room in which she was sitting.

It was a charming room, lofty and carefully furnished. There was no overcrowding; one could stretch one's arms in it fearlessly. The book-shelves reached from floor to ceiling in the good old-fashioned style; and there was no glass to cover up their treasures. There was perhaps too palpable a suspicion of a by-gone age in the solidity of the centre table and in some of the chairs; but this was rectified by the presence of certain low, soft, satin-lined couches—very nests of comfort—and in the dainty tables that stood in every corner. Exquisite curtains too, with threads of gold running through them, hung before the windows and from the olive-green walls; priceless statuettes stood out prominently on carved brackets.

Another wild gust of wind now swept round that side of the house where the library was situated, driving a heavy shower of rain against the windows.

"What a night!" said Lady Mary, with a nervous start.

The lad slowly withdrew his attention from the page before him and looked at her.

"I like it," he said, holding his head erect, as though enjoying the warfare without. "What a sea there must be on to-night!"

He pushed back his chair and walked towards the window nearest to him. Halfway across the room, however, he came to a sudden stand-still. His face turned pale, and his eyes wore an eager, strained expression, as though he were listening for something. At the same moment Lady Mary cried out abruptly:

"What was that?"

She too had risen, and now moved nearer to the boy. Her tall figure was drawn up to its full height; her eyes shone brightly. All the petty tremors that had shaken her a few moments before were now gone, having given place to a sudden feeling of courage and strength. She stood calm and self-possessed, although anxious.

Above the storm they had heard a shrill, wild cry, which even now, though faint and wailing, was strong enough to pierce the riotous war of the gale and the dashing of the rain-drops upon the gravel without. It was the cry of a child in sore distress. It seemed nearer, yet so tossed hither and thither by the tempest that it was difficult to tell from what point it came. It sounded more plaintive and weak every moment, but it seemed to be coming nearer to the house.

"Summon the servants; it is some poor creature in distress!" cried Lady Mary, making a rapid movement towards the hall.

"No, no; I will go myself," said the boy, walking to the window that opened on to a long balcony.

"In this storm, Fulke—in this rain? Oh, no, darling!" she entreated; but he was not listening to her.

With eager fingers he unfastened the lock of the casement; and, as he stood thus with arms upraised, there came a sharp tapping at the glass below him, while the plaintive cry still continued.

Lord Wriothesley pulled open the casement with a vigorous hand, and there, shivering in the darkness, stood a forlorn-looking little thing that made Lady Mary and her nephew shiver.

It was a child—a mere baby. The cloak that had been wrapped round it had fallen back, and now the pretty rounded uplifted arms were wet with the rain. The soft yellow locks that should have been some mother's tenderest pride were tangled and wet. The small face looked ghastly, and tears fell from the little one's eyes, while gasping sobs came from her lips.

The next violent gust of wind dashed the poor little waif against the side of the open window. The tiny baby-hands clutched convulsively at the woodwork; but no cry escaped her lips then. Her strength seemed gone.

"It is a child—a child!" cried Lady Mary, in a compassionate tone, hurrying to the window.

The little one, however, had caught sight of Wriothesley, and held out her arms to him. As he ran eagerly to her and carried her into the warm room, she clung to him affectionately, and uttered a childish sigh of relief that went straight to the boy's heart.

The little wet arms clasped his neck, the frightened face was pressed against his shoulder. She was too young to reason; but she knew that she was safe—she was with friends. The rain no longer made her feel cold, the howling wind ceased to drag at her cloak, and, better than all else, the awful darkness was gone.

Lady Mary took her from Fulke, placed her on the hearthrug close to the cheery fire, and shook the rain from her hair. Her clothes were found to be wringing wet, so a maid was hastily summoned; and presently, in a miraculous way, clothes were produced fit for the visitor's use, borrowed no doubt from the good woman at the lodge, whose babies seemed to swarm all over the place.

Her pretty hair was dried, and shone now in the lamplight like threads of gold; and her large, grave, wistful eyes—melancholy eyes for a tiny mortal who could not have been more than four years old—lighted up a singularly pretty face.

When Lady Mary questioned her as to her name, she would say nothing beyond a quaint monosyllable that no one could understand. "Mg" it sounded like; but the most enlightened English folk could make little of that.

"I confess it is too much for me," said Lady Mary, who was feeding the child on her lap with an abundance of tea and cake. "It hardly matters, however. She has strayed, no doubt, poor little thing; and to-morrow we shall be able to find and restore her to her parents. Dear, dear, how unhappy her poor mother must be to-night!"

"I think she must be a stranger's child," said the boy, who was kneeling upon the hearthrug and staring at the baby, whose solemn gaze delighted him. "The servants know every soul in the village, but they don't know her."

"Nan-na!" said the child, glancing round her inquiringly, and then up into the face of Lady Mary, who laughed and kissed the earnest eyes.

"That doesn't tell us much," she said. "See how she laughs now! What a pretty rogue it is! I wish I could make out her name."

"Perhaps she hasn't an earthly one. She may have dropped from the skies," rejoined Fulke, laughing. "If so, we shall have to give her a name."

"Scarcely worth while for one night, is it?"

"Why, yes! We must have some way of addressing her while she is our guest."

"It should be a marvellously pretty name to suit her," said Lady Mary, gazing tenderly into the little one's charming face.

"Why, there, you have christened her!" the boy cried gaily. "She shall be called 'Marvel', even though it be for this night only. Marvel"—bending towards the child—"do you like your new name, baby?"

The child nodded her head sagely, and then wriggled off Lady Mary's lap and toddled up to the boy. As he took her in his arms the door was opened, and the maid who had undressed the little wanderer entered the room.

"If you please, my lady, we found this locket pinned inside the child's dress."

As she spoke, the girl held out a flat gold locket, very plain, and rather battered.

There was surprise in Lady Mary's face as she took the trinket. She looked at it seriously for a moment, as if hesitating, and then opened it.

Inside was the picture of a young man with a handsome, aristocratic, but reckless-looking face, and with a displeasing expression of mockery in his light-blue eyes; the mouth, however, was beautifully formed, and the brow was broad and open.

Having dismissed the maid, Lady Mary glanced thoughtfully from the picture to the child and then back again. No, there was no likeness.

"It is strange," she said to the boy, who had come to lean over her shoulder and look at the portrait. "It is not an ordinary face, is it? It is certainly the face of a gentleman."

She paused and looked towards the child, who was now curled up in the centre of a huge white rug, and slowly but surely giving herself up an unwilling prey to sleep.

"And that poor baby," Lady Mary went on, speaking to herself, "out in the storm alone—forsaken! What can be the meaning of this?"

She spoke vaguely, and the boy caught only a word here and there; but he saw that his aunt was evidently very much perplexed, and even sad. She viewed the sleeping child with an altered expression—one even kinder and more tender than before.

"We shall know all about it to-morrow," said Fulke.

"To-morrow! Perhaps. And now go to bed, darling," she said, drawing his head down to her and kissing him affectionately.

"And the baby?"

"Somers will take charge of her for to-night."

"Good-night, little Marvel," said the boy, stooping over the child and pressing his lips to her cheek. "To-morrow we shall know your real name."

* * * * * *

The morning broke bright with sunlight, and as calm and clear as though the previous night's storm had never been; but it brought to the Towers no anxious mother crying for her child. Day after day, week after week went by, but still the child remained as alone in the world as though she had indeed, as Fulke had suggested, "dropped from the sky."

Advertisements were put in several newspapers, and private inquiry was made, but without result. At last Lady Mary's secret belief that the child had been purposely abandoned was declared by common consent to be the correct solution of the mystery—not cruelly abandoned perhaps, but designedly placed within Lady Mary's reach by some one who was aware of the clemency and love that adorned her life and endeared her to all the villagers for miles around.

This was no village child, however. The regular features, the fair hair, the delicately formed nails on the tiny hands and feet, all precluded the idea. That she had been deserted was beyond doubt; but by whom?

Lady Mary felt a touch of indignation that grew stronger as her eyes fell upon the little one dancing gaily in the sunlight on the terrace-walk, hugging to her breast a horrible doll—noseless, eyeless, hairless. She was such a lovely specimen of nature's best work that it seemed to Lady Mary the worst of all crimes to run the risk of injuring so sweet a gift.

The kind eyes of the mistress of the Towers moistened as she looked at the forsaken child and wondered who could have been so heartless as to send a tender, unsullied little being like that adrift upon the cold sea of this world's charity.

She was still meditating mournfully

when the child saw her, ran to her, and, with a fond certainty of welcome, flung her little arms about Lady Mary's knees and buried her face in the folds of the lady's dress. After that, Fulke Wriothesley's aunt forgot to pursue her painful thoughts. She took the child up in her arms, pressed her to her bosom, and from that hour accepted little Marvel as her own.

CHAPTER II.

THE years passed away; and, as by degrees servants either left or got married, and others who were strangers to that part of the country took their places, the event of that wild night was almost forgotten, and the child came to be considered as one of the family. She was at first an amusement, then a joy, and at last a comfort to Lady Mary, whose health did not improve as time went on. She took the little one into her inmost heart, and cherished her there without detriment to the love she bore Fulke.

In a marvellously short space of time, as it seemed to her, the boy sprang into early manhood, obtained his commission in the Hussars, and quitted the home-nest. Of course Wriothesley turned up at the old quarters at very frequent intervals; but naturally he had ceased to be part of the quiet life there, and his coming was an event, in spite of the efforts of Lady Mary and Marvel to think it otherwise.

His aunt missed him more than she confessed even to herself, and she clung to Marvel with an eager fondness that grew stronger each time Fulke came and went. She was such a pretty creature! Day by day she expanded into a fairer beauty, revealing rarer charms of mind and body.

Fulke, who always declared that he and Lady Mary had christened her, and who insisted on calling himself her godfather, held stoutly to the name given her on that first eventful night, and so "Marvel" she had remained.

It suited her, he said, as time transformed the pretty baby into a charming little girl whose hair was of a beautiful ruddy-golden color and whose unfathomable gray eyes generally wore an expression of grave serenity.

Lady Mary took great pains with the girl's education. A governess taught her all the English that a girl should know, and three times a week masters came from town. Marvel accepted them all, and was docile and obedient, imbibing their knowledge with little trouble to herself; but the delight she felt in learning she reserved for such lessons as were given to her by the rector, with whom she was a special favorite.

He was unmarried, a student and a bookworm—a strange man who hitherto had been absorbed in himself; but the child took hold of him and dragged him whether he would or not into the warm sunlight of her own young life.

By degrees he grew to love her, and coaxed her into reading with him at such odd hours as he could give her; and with him she wandered hand in hand over hill and dale, and into the mystic sweetness of the woods, learning at almost every step some fresh truth—the ways of birds, the wonders of the insect world, the tender growth of the tiny flowers around their footsteps, and the glad mysterious joys of nature.

It was an isolated life she lived, but one hedged in by love. There were only auntie, as she called Lady Mary, and her governess and the rector and Fulke—sometimes only Fulke, which gave him perhaps a charm in her eyes which the others did not possess.

He came very seldom, and each time his stay seemed shorter than the last. He was very good to her, and in her eyes he was so brave, so tall, so handsome, that all her tender childish affection went out to him, and she gave him out of the warm trustfulness of her heart an innocent faithful love.

The first knowledge of the world's pain, the first touch of anguish, came to her through him. He sailed for India, and suddenly it seemed to her as if the whole earth had become empty. What a void his going left! He started full of hope and pride, as a young soldier should, leaving behind him a sad old woman whose every desire was bound up in him and a slender mournful child who was hardly to be consoled.

* * * * * *

Through the half-closed curtains the warm June sun was pouring its blinding rays. From the garden beneath arose the perfume of a hundred flowers, filling the room with a delicious scent-laden atmosphere. Marvel, with a little sigh of ecstasy, flung the window wide open and leaned out until her pretty head became entangled with the roses that dropped from the wall.

She was dressed in a simple white cambric, made rather loose at the throat, from which some deep old lace fell softly. She moved her head rapturously from side to side, as if drinking in the beauty of the scene.

In the distance were the hills, with patches of pale-green verdure on which the sun's rays rested lovingly. At the foot of the hills there was a glimpse of the undulating park, with—in the far west—a sparkle of lake water; and here, beneath her, were the swelling woods, the velvet lawn, the brilliant parterre, and the merry, chattering, babbling stream.

It was all so full of life, and yet so calm, so satisfying, that the girl herself seemed a fitting part of it. She looked the very incarnation of youth in her white dress—a creature half-child, half-woman. Smiles came readily to her lips; her eyes had forgotten their tears. She lived in the present and took no thought for the future, so happy was the life she led.

The golden hair of her childhood had now turned to an exquisite chestnut, soft and wavy, crowning a broad white forehead. The baby-mouth had expanded and changed; but the deep gray earnest eyes remained the same. They looked so tender and true that they attracted all who gazed into them. The rector, who loved her, said once that those great solemn faithful eyes made him unhappy for her.

It was early yet; nine o'clock had only just been struck, with quite a reprehensible waste of time, by the slow old clock in the corridor. Marvel had come up-stairs with her auntie's breakfast and "the post," and was now waiting while Lady Mary sipped her chocolate and dipped into her correspondence.

There were many maids at the Towers; but one sweet maiden only took Lady Mary's tray to her bedside every morning. No other hands but Marvel's should touch it—no other face but hers introduce it between the satin curtains of the ancient if elaborately beautiful old four-poster that Lady Mary would not resign for the handsomest modern bedstead in the universe. She was very feeble now, and quite unequal to rising before noon.

The girl was still enjoying the delicious view when an agitated voice within the room roused her from her musing.

"Marvel, come to me! He is to be here on the nineteenth; I have had a definite line from him—the nineteenth!" cried Lady Mary, in her eager feeble way.

She laid down the letter, and looked at the girl, who stood as if incredulous.

"Yes, it is true. The nineteenth — I thank Heaven for it—my dear, dear boy!"

As she leaned back upon her pillows, she looked so frail, so languid, that one almost wondered how life still dwelt in her. A little flush, however, born of the glad news, brightened her face.

"I shall see him again," she said, in a tone of deepest gratitude, as she took up the letter and began to read it aloud to Marvel.

"He writes from 'Gib,' as he calls it," with a soft laugh," "and in such spirits, dear fellow!"

"The nineteenth!" said the girl. "Why, it is quite close! It sounds like to-morrow; and, after all these long years—oh, it is incredible!"

"Nonsense, dear child! Why, we have been looking forward to it for the last six months."

"I know; and yet it never seemed impossible until now, when it is so near. I wonder," she hesitated, and then went on, "I wonder if he will be changed? Greatly, I mean. It all seems so long ago! When he went I was only twelve; now I am seventeen, and he must be twenty-eight—quite old it sounds, doesn't it?"

"Quite young, dearest," said Lady Mary, a little sadly.

At that moment one of the servants opened the door, and, with a little curtsey to Lady Mary, addressed Marvel.

"Mrs. Bunch says, Miss Craven, that she would be very much obliged if you could come to her to the still-room. She would have come to you, but——"

"Shall be there in a few minutes," said Marvel.

Mrs. Bunch was the housekeeper, and of late Marvel had given all household directions. The servants—indeed, every one—called her "Miss Craven," that being the Wriothesley family name. The poor child had no name of her own, so Lady Mary had loaned her one.

Marvel made a sign to the girl, who withdrew.

"Would you like me to speak to Bunch now about his rooms—Fulke's?" she asked. "He will have the old suit, I suppose; but years make things look dingy and I think the rooms would require——"

"Everything!" cried Lady Mary, with a touch of her old impulsiveness. "I would have nothing less than perfection. What—is it not his home-coming? What then should we spare? See to it, dearest. It is his own house, remember; and why should he—— Now that I think of it, Marvel—now that he has come to man's estate—surely a better suite should be assigned him! The west wing has some nice rooms—eh?"

"They would be strange to him," the girl objected tenderly. "Let him have the old one—those he has been picturing to himself—when first he comes; they will seem more like home. Afterwards he can manage as he likes."

She went nearer to Lady Mary, and, stooping over her, kissed her.

"Do you know," she said slowly, with a pretty childish regretfulness in her tone, "I don't like those words of yours—'man's estate'? Oh, auntie, I wish he were a boy again!"

CHAPTER III.

THE conservatories were delightfully cool, although the reception-rooms were warm and oppressive in spite of all the efforts made to ensure a low temperature.

The lights were brilliant, and the odor of innumerable Dijon roses filled the air. Now and then the voice of a singer was to be heard, and the rising and falling of the liquid notes travelled to those who, not being fortunate enough to have secured a place in the great drawing-room, had taken refuge among the flowers and palms.

It was one of the Honorable Mrs. Verulam's musical evenings, and nearly every one worth knowing in town was present. There were a good many dim recesses and secluded ante-chambers, but these were given up to the sentimental, the majority of the guests preferring the glare of the more brilliantly illuminated rooms.

It was considerably after midnight when a young man, entering an ante-chamber, added yet another to the already numerous assembly. He made his way to where he saw Mrs. Verulam standing in what looked like a cloud of yellow net, relieved here and there by a gleam of yellow topaz.

"At last!" she said, giving him her hand. "I had ceased to hope—I had quite given you up."

"I had given myself up, for the matter of that," returned Lord Wriothesley. "But I know how to wait, and, as you see, all things have come to me."

"So embarrassed as all that?" said she, arching her pretty brows. "A man so rich is singularly ungrateful when he wears a countenance as dissatisfied as yours," she said, laughing maliciously, and leaning towards him with an affected air of sympathy. "Who is she then? Can I help you to look for her?"

"Whom should I be looking for? Have I not found you?"

"That suffices, my good cousin. I shall let you off the rest," retorted she, making him a little *moue*. "We have loved each other too well and too long for that. Yet one more question. Why are you not at the Towers just now? You were due there on the nineteenth—eh?"

"Business, business, business—that most hateful of all things! I fancied myself sure of my leave, or I shouldn't have named the nineteenth when writing to Lady Mary; but the fact is the Colonel can't let me off until the day after to-morrow."

"'Metal more attractive,'" said Lady Verulam, with a suspicion of reproachfulness in her tone.

They were cousins, and the very best of friends, and she had not liked to believe that he had acted disrespectfully to the dear old woman who was her aunt as well as his, and the being she admired most on earth.

"It isn't like you to wrong me," he said gravely. "The metal is not forged that would be attractive enough to keep me from my allegiance to that dearest of women. Believe me, I feel the hours long that keep me from her and from"—with a little laugh—"her baby. You will not misjudge me now?"

"Oh, no; your word was ever as good as your bond! And I was wrong to doubt, of course; but one hears so many things in this gossipy Babylon, and——"

She checked herself abruptly, and then continued:

"As to auntie, you will find her as charming as ever, but much weaker. A mind as heavenly as hers could hardly inhabit a robust body. And her baby—she has grown out of all knowledge—into a tall, willowy thing, straight as a wand; but in all else she is a baby still."

She seemed a little enthusiastic on this subject, and might have said a good deal more; but she paused, seeing something in her cousin's face that puzzled her.

He was not attending to what she was saying, and he was looking over her shoulder at some object behind her. He did not actually start, but an indefinable light gleamed from his eyes. It was a light not to be mistaken by so clever a student of human nature as Lady Verulam, and it betrayed him to her.

"Ah, so the lady is here to-night, after all!" she said slowly, turning her head and looking towards a group of four or five people.

The party had only just entered, and the central figure stood out from the others rather prominently. She was a tall woman, slight without being thin, clad in an exquisite brocade of an aqua-marine shade. The other members of the group were men, and they seemed to follow her and bend over her with an assiduity that bespoke an eager desire to please.

Her face was peculiar, and certainly would not have impressed one at the first glance as being handsome, yet it was a face that most men found some difficulty in forgetting. It was a haunting, mobile face, as inscrutable as it was undeniably attractive.

There was not even a suspicion of color in it, and the large eyes gave it the appearance of even greater pallor than it really possessed. Her hair was of so ripe a chestnut tint that it very narrowly escaped being red, but, together with the unfathomable eyes, it refused to quit the memory when she herself had gone by.

The aqua-marine brocade imparted no warmth to her pale face, but was meant perhaps to throw up the brilliancy of her hair and eyes. If so, the idea was a success. Fragile sprays of clematis formed her shoulder-straps, and her long arms, which, though slender, were exquisitely moulded, stood out against the vague green of her gown with a dazzling fairness.

The little throng of courtiers pushed a *fauteuil* towards her, and she sank into it with a languid grace, the long white arms falling across her knees.

"So it is Mrs. Scarlett?" said Lady Verulam, turning again to her cousin, and talking somewhat excitedly. "My dear Fulke, I can hardly congratulate you."

"Certainly not. It is far too soon," he retorted, with a laugh, purposely misunderstanding her.

She felt, however, that there was a meaning to his answer, and that he wished her to learn, even at this early hour, that it would be wise to refrain from speaking uncivilly of the lady in question.

"Ah—so!" she said coldly. "It is, of course, well to understand how things are going. You know Mrs. Scarlett in India?"

"For a month or six weeks—a mere moment out of one's life—in fact, I made her acquaintance just before leaving."

"You both returned to England in the same ship, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Another six weeks! Why, you are quite old friends! I have heard that a sea-voyage ripens friendship as swiftly as an Italian sun."

She spoke now in the usual indifferent society tone, and without any of the playful kindliness she had displayed at the commencement of their conversation.

"So have I. It has, however, hardly ripened the friendship you speak of. As yet Mrs. Scarlett and I are mere acquaintances."

"She does not look like any man's acquaintance," said Mrs. Verulam vaguely. "Her male friends should be all in all or not at all to her, I fancy—her slaves or nothing."

"You dislike her?" said Wriothesley, glancing quickly at his cousin.

"Dislike her! No. Why should I dislike her?"

"I wonder you asked her here."

"As to that, one must follow the fashion: and she is the fashion now. Her fame travelled from India faster than she did, and, though we know she was originally only the daughter of a petty country squire, still we are very eager to get her to come to our houses."

"Her fame?"

"As the cleverest beauty of her time! By-the-bye, who is that with her now?"

An old man had joined the group round Mrs. Scarlett and was shaking hands with her.

"The Duke of Dawtry," said Wriothesley.

"Of course—I should have known." Mrs. Verulam was silent for a few moments, then added presently, "Considering who she was, I must do her the justice to say she has made very good running in a short time—alone too—very little help was given her."

"You forget she married well," said Wriothesley, who was keeping his brow clear by an almost superhuman effort.

"Oh, that poor old Mr. Scarlett!" returned Mrs. Verulam, shrugging her shoulders contemptuously. "He was useful, no doubt—as the stepping-stone to the society beyond. By his means she was enabled to make her bow to the world—he took the theatre for her, as it were; the bell rang, the curtain went up, and, lo, there she was before—it must be confessed—a very appreciative audience! So has proved herself a huge success: but to aspire to a duke!"

She paused to look at Wriothesley, and it seemed to her that, though his face was impassive, he was not unmoved.

"You mean——" he said.

"Just that," with an eloquent little nod. "It is rather a flight—isn't it?—but true, for all that. She has him at her feet already. He too, you see, made her acquaintance in India, whither he went last year for pig-sticking, as he said: though, poor old gentleman, I should have said the pigs would have stuck him had they come to close quarters!"

"You regard the Duke as an aspirant to her hand?" asked Wriothesley.

"Ah, that is going so far!" she said, smiling curiously and looking down at the fan she was slowly moving to and fro.

"You are charming always, dear cousin," said Wriothesley, who was now very pale. "But one small point you forget—the forbearance that a hostess owe to her guest!"

He bowed very low to her and crossed the room to where Mrs. Scarlett sat enthroned amidst her courtiers. He stood on the outskirts of her little court, until presently, one after another of her admirers having moved away, he felt himself almost alone with her.

His Grace of Dawtry still remained, with a few others; but he stood now apart, conversing with a Minister who had just left the Commons after making a great speech on the Irish question.

As Wriothesley approached her Mrs. Scarlett—who very seldom gave any man her hand in greeting—received him with a smile.

"You are late," she said. Her voice was low, clear, *trainante*. Her eyes rested on him thoughtfully for a few moments; and then, apparently satisfied with whatever knowledge she had gained, she turned them away from him.

"Those are kinder words than you have said to me for many a day; they at least permit me to hope that you have missed me," he said.

There was some sign of surprise in the glance she turned upon him, but in a moment it changed to one of veiled amusement, and she leaned back in her chair and smiled. At all times her smile was peculiar and difficult to understand; it was upon her lips and then gone almost before one was aware of it, and yet it made itself felt, and clung to one's memory in a cruelly persistent fashion. There was a sudden light gleaming from the strange eyes a momentary parting of the lips, and then it was all over; the pale face recovered its calm again, and one could almost believe the smile had never been.

"It is you who have missed something," she said, "more than you know."

"Not more than I know," he replied, looking at her earnestly. "You I miss always; and these last interminable hours in which I have been kept from you, in spite of all my efforts, have been worse than death."

The expression upon his face precluded any idea of exaggeration that his words might have suggested; that he was fatally honest in what he said was hardly to be doubted. Again the flickering smile parted her lips.

"That perhaps," she said; "but I did not allude to so poor a loss as you would suggest. What indeed you did lose was one of Riccolo's happiest efforts; he sang just now sweeter than any nightingale."

He made an impatient gesture, and a slight frown clouded his forehead; his eyes met hers with a passionate glance of reproach in them which seemed to afford her once again some amusement.

"How you squander your talents!" she continued. "Have you no thought for the morrow? If you expend your entire stock of sentiment now, what will you have in the future?"

"You, I hope."

She had not expected so daring an answer, and for a moment was silenced by it.

"You are bold," she said presently, yet the boldness of his wooing seemed to please her. She drew her skirts aside as if to grant him a seat beside her.

"No; do not let us stay here," he entreated—"let me take you to a place where one can breathe in comfort. The conservatories are, comparatively speaking, very cool."

"So I have been told ever since I came. It is the cry on every lip: 'The rooms are purgatory, the conservatories paradise. Come, let us enter therein!'"

"Well, you went, you proved it true?" There was a jealous ring in his voice which did not escape her.

"I proved nothing, because I withstood all blandishments, and up to this have clung to my purgatory. No, I did not go."

"But you will now," said Wriothesley impetuously.

He bent over her; his eyes sought and met hers. He was very handsome, and suddenly, almost without her knowledge, as it were, she found she had risen and was moving with him across the room.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS singular abandonment of herself, this almost unconscious volition astonished her, and gave quite a zest to the moment; she could have laughed aloud herself, so strange to her was this swift surrender of her will.

As she passed the Duke of Dawtry, the old man look up in astonishment as hastened to her.

"What—going?" he said.

She smiled her pretty evanescent smile, but said nothing.

"So soon? You leave us indeed desolate," went on the old beau, with the air of courteous gallantry that had distinguished him thirty years before—"a cruel resolution to come to."

"I am not perhaps so cruel as you believe me," said Mrs. Scarlett in a low tone. She spoke very softly, and the glance that accompanied her words was lingering and replete with reproachful meaning, which made the old man color as though he were a lad of eighteen. "I am not going home; I am merely about to test the differences of certain temperatures with Lord Wriothesley, who, I believe, is learned in such matters."

She had gone on a step or two when the Duke overtook her.

"You will be at home to-morrow?" he asked hurriedly, in a whisper that was yet not low enough to be unheard by Wriothesley.

"From one to three," she replied.

Mrs. Scarlett walked on again, and Wriothesley, who accompanied her, felt that his heart was beating with very unpleasant violence, and that a sudden miserable suspicion was weighing upon his mind. They entered a long conservatory on the south side of the house, and walked from one end to the other without encountering any one—the place seemed deserted.

Tiny colored lamps swung from the roof and from amongst the branches of the taller shrubs, giving a somewhat Eastern aspect to the scene, and the sweet odor of tuberoses and heliotropes scented the air. From the tall drooping shrubs fell showers of fragile blossoms that strewed the floor and floated in the marble basins of the fountains, the scented waters of which murmured a rhythmical chant.

"Will you sit here?" said Wriothesley, indicating a low lounge with space enough for two.

Mrs. Scarlett, gliding by it, seated herself upon a frail little spindle-legged chair.

"You spoke the truth," she said—"it is cool after that furnace beyond. Well"—looking straight at him and speaking quickly—"how is it you are not down in the country with those old people of yours?"

"There is but one old person," said Wriothesley gravely—"my aunt—Lady Mary Craven. She"—gently—"is almost dearer to me than a mother could have been."

"One! But you told me of two who respected you."

"The other is my aunt's ward, a girl—a mere child."

"A child! Of what age then?"

"Seventeen perhaps; I am not sure," said Wriothesley.

"There is no such thing as a child of seventeen," said Mrs. Scarlett. "At that age I——" She paused abruptly, and her face darkened, growing suddenly rigid, as though she were dwelling upon some long-past but ever-hateful remembrance; then a sigh broke from her lips, and her fingers closed spasmodically upon her fan.

Little more than a moment was sufficient to embrace all this, and Wriothesley, whose mind was still filled with his jealous fears, saw nothing of it. By the help of her powerful will she conquered the momentary weakness, and the face she now turned to him was calm and immovable as usual.

"Tell me," she said, "when do you go to see this child?"

"To-morrow I go to see my aunt; as for her ward, she was a remarkably sweet little girl when last I saw her, and I confess it will be a pleasure to me to see her again, as it will be to gaze upon the parks and woodlands of my home, and all things that association has made dear."

He spoke simply and with sincerity. Mrs. Scarlett bit her lip, and opened and shut her fan noisily. His whole manner raised within her a bitter feeling of envy; it was long since she had felt like that, and the cruelest part of it all was the memory of the time when she had felt it.

"And how long do you intend to remain in your Arcadia?" she asked, with a slight sneer. "For ever? Once imbued with its charms, the world no doubt will cry to you in vain. Am I to bid you to-night an eternal farewell? Have you brought me here to receive it?"

She spoke jestingly, but there was something in her large violet eyes that roused him.

"Bid me return," he said—"say but one word, and you know I will willingly obey you."

"To return!" But how if I bid you stay here?"

"I know you too well for that," returned he, with a tender smile. "Even—even if I could be of any service to you, you would not grudge me to the dear old woman for a while."

Mrs. Scarlett was clever enough to understand that it would be unwise to press the subject.

"And what of the little one?" she asked, still lightly, though her eyes betrayed that she was far from uninterested.

"Why will you dwell upon her? I tell you she is of no account," said Wriothesley impatiently. "What is she to you—or to me?"

"I hardly know; and yet"—suddenly shaking off her habitual languor, and rising to her feet—"this I do know—I hate her!"

There was something terrible in the intensity of her tone and the expression of her face, which had turned ghastly pale.

"Who would imagine me to be capable of such absurdity?" she said, with a touch of angry self-contempt. "It is to you—to you alone—I so betray myself; and that poor innocent—that cousin of yours—why do I dread her?"

Wriothesley, who had taken little heed of the last part of her speech, did not contradict her as to the relationship; a vague, sweet, wild hope that she was jealous of this girl, had brought about a very madness of joy within his breast. To be jealous is to love. Did she love him? The very thought was sufficient to drive reason to the winds. He sank down upon his knees at her feet.

"My beloved," he exclaimed in passionate tones, "hear me! Let me speak at last. That I love you is understood; but my anguish of to-night—who shall understand that?" He raised his face, which had suddenly grown haggard, to hers. "It is not true, what they say, is it—that you—you let that old man follow you about, make love to you, and that you"—he bowed his head upon her knees, and she could feel his whole frame trembling—"encourage him? My darling, my soul, say it is not so! See now, Leonie—I am young, I am rich—oh, how thankful I am for that!—why should he be preferred before me?"

"Why, indeed? And who told you that it was?"

Her voice was singularly soft and low; it was meant to be soothing, and it fulfilled its task. She was rather upset by his vehemence, and a little unnerved. What if any one should come in and see him kneeling there at her feet and looking so disturbed? What if Dawtry should hear of it?

It was best to quiet him at once, and so get rid of him. Not that she meant to lose him altogether; it would be folly to break with him before the old man declared himself.

"What is that old man to me?" she said treacherously.

"Do not say anything you do not mean!" cried Wriothesley fiercely. He caught her hands and pressed them to his lips. "I beseech you, above all things be honest with me."

He was honest enough himself at all events; his large eloquent eyes, gazing into hers, bespoke the sincerity of his affection.

"Why should you suspect me?" she said gently.

"Give me one word of hope," he entreated vehemently.

He might have said more, but fortune was on her side, and she was saved the necessity of a reply; the musical dropping of the waters was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps. Wriothesley rose to his feet and stood beside her, as two or three people, talking and laughing, came towards them and seated themselves on an ottoman near.

All hope of a continued *tete-a-tete* was at an end; he could not speak, but his eyes were eloquent as they gazed into hers. Merely to calm him, she plucked a flower from the bouquet she held, and gave it to him; but in his eyes it seemed a kindly answer to his prayer, and he thrust it hurriedly into his breast.

"You go to your home to-morrow," she said softly; "but I shall see you the day after."

"What an eternity lies between now and then!" he replied passionately. "Oh, that one could annihilate those empty hours!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

CHANGING NAMES.—Four times in the course of his life every respectable Japanese changes his name—first when seven years old, then when coming of age, again when receiving his first official appointment, and yet again when moved to a higher office or employment. And, in the latter case, if a superior in station have by chance the same designation, custom requires that the inferior should change it yet again.

ODD COMRADES.—A family, when staying in the North of Ireland lately, witnessed the following curious display of feeling in animals not usually credited with feelings. A boar-pig was in the habit every morning of going to the basket where a blind kitten of about six weeks old was kept, allowing the little thing to creep on to his back, and then taking it about and caring for it during the day. The kitten got its food at the same time as the pig, and at the same trough. In the evening the man who saw to the animals used to carry the kitten back to its basket to pass the night.

HAIR-PULLING.—The appearance of the Eskimos is suggestive of patience and perseverance. They are short and squat of figure, the men averaging five feet three inches, and the women five feet in height. Their breadth is apt to vary, according to whether the fates have sent them plenty of seal or not. Their eyes and hair are of the very blackest, the latter being as straight and not less coarse than horse hair. A favorite amusement among the women is for two of them to select a hair out of their heads, and looping one through the other, to pull on the ends held in their hands till one of the hairs gives way, to the great delight of the fat little lady whose capillary strength wins in this odd tug-of-war.

LEAP YEAR.—The universal custom observed every fourth year of permitting the fairer sex to assume the rights and prerogatives appertaining to their brothers during the remaining three, is a very ancient one. When it originated is not definitely known, but a law enacted by the Parliament of Scotland, in the year 1288 is doubtless the first statutory recognition of the custom. The law was as follows: "It is statut and ordaint that during the reine of her Maist Bliest Magestie, ilk fourth year, known as Leap Year, ilk maiden ladye of baith high and low estait shall hae liberty to bespeak ye man she likes: albeit, gif he refuses to tak hir to be his wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye summe of ane undis or less, as his estait molt be, except and awis gif he can mak it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, that he shall then be free."

THE IRON EGG.—Of an iron egg in the Berlin Museum the following story is told: Many years ago a prince became affianced to a lovely princess, to whom he promised to send a magnificent gift as a testimonial of his affection. In due time the messenger arrived, bringing the promised gift, which proved to be an iron egg. The princess was so angry to think that the prince should send her so valueless a present that she threw it upon the floor, when the iron egg opened, disclosing a silver lining. Surprised at such a discovery she took the egg in her hand, and, while examining it closely, discovered a secret spring, which she touched, and the silver lining opened, disclosing a golden yelk. Examining it closely she found another spring, which, when opened, disclosed within the golden yelk a ruby crown. Subjecting that to an examination she touched a spring, and forth came the diamond ring with which he affianced her to himself.

THE LILY WREATH.

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

Towards the stream a little maid
Now trips across the lea,
And who to-day so blithe and gay
And light of heart as she?

As on she speeds, she laughs and sings,
And joy pervades her song,
While birds essay to trill her lay
The trembling reeds among.

She comes to search the streamlet's bed
For lilies white as snow,
A wreath to twine, that she may shine
Wherever she may go.

For she's to-day the Queen of May,
A sovereign of renown,
And 'tis proclaimed that all so famed
Should wear a dainty crown.

She weaves the flow'rets one by one,
A zone of beauty grows,
And proud is she that majesty
Is hers where'er she goes.

Anon the village green she nears,
Where stands the May-pole tall,
And every tongue, of old and young,
Proclaims her queen of all.

But soon those flow'rets fade and die,
And droop athwart her brow;
Her queenly pomp 'mid dance and romp
Has gone for ever now.

"Alas!" she cries, "I see full well
That pride is but a dream;
It comes and fades for little maids,
Like lilies of the stream."

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.

IF Harold soon recovered from his surprise on hearing Cumberland's confession, there were other things at Trame which sorely perplexed him.

The master of the house was never visible; he lived in his own rooms, he saw no guests, he received no visitors.

He sent courteous messages to Harold, but never once permitted him to imagine an interview would be possible. Assured by Mary and Doctor Arnold that this was his invariable custom, Harold could not look on it as an incivility, and yet it made him uneasy.

An air of mystery was around him, a shadow of gloom so oppressive that he would have quitted Trame at once but for his anxity to hear explanations, which Mary and Cumberland evaded.

The latter was the only happy one of the party, but his joy was not contagious. Mary often glanced at him wistfully, and Harold would fix a steady gaze upon his fresh young face, and wonder if it was indeed possible that his hand, on board the Alert

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But at this point his thought always stopped with a sort of shock.

It was so horrible to suppose him capable of crime, it seemed on reflection so impossible, that to ask a question on the matter, to draw near it even by a breath, was a deadly insult which could never be forgiven.

Better let the mystery remain a mystery still buried in the sea with Travel than stand up at a man's own board and say, "Do you know, in my secret heart, I am suspecting you of having blood upon your hand."

No; it was outrageous, it was impossible! Travel had lied; he was not traveling to Trame to wring a bride from Mr. Irrian to hide his son's guilt; he was the true criminal himself.

Thus Harold's thoughts worked impatiently upon his brain, and doubt and pain mingled with his friendship for Cumberland and his gratitude to Mr. Irrian.

He had cause to be grateful, for he knew now that money had been spent lavishly to secure the services of true men who would stand by Daniel in any plan he might devise for the safety of the Venture. Mr. Vicat had paid well, but Mr. Irrian had paid better.

Yet why he should care so much to protect Estrild from a danger at that time appearing to be only imaginary he could not comprehend.

The great benevolence for which he was lauded did not appear a sufficient reason for this interference on behalf of a stranger.

Moreover, the deepest puzzle in Harold's mind lay in the fact of Mr. Irrian's prescience of the danger that threatened Estrild; others might vaguely suspect Mr. Vicat of foul play, but he from the first laid his hand on the black spot of treachery in the man's heart; and carefully, and through many weeks of watchful endeavor, he prepared a counter-plan to defeat his cruel conspiracy.

Speaking of this to Mary, she answered that Mr. Irrian was a man of rare powers of mind, and he had an instinctive penetration which enabled him to pierce through all masks and get at a man's true character.

"But he never saw Mr. Vicat," observed Harold.

"He had heard of him from me," said Mary, smiling.

Harold was only half satisfied.

"And had he heard too of Estrild from you?" he asked. "You came only once to Mr. Vicat's, you saw her only once," he added, "so personally you could not have felt any interest in her fate."

"You are mistaken," Mary answered; "I saw her several times at Salisbury when she did not see me. And I was deeply interested in her because of Mr. Irrian's intense anxiety——"

She stopped, then went on, with a slight flush on her face:

"You know he was at the same hotel, and naturally, being so ill himself, he was sorry for her illness."

This was a bungling conclusion, and again Harold felt that, although her words might be true, a deeper truth lay behind them which she concealed.

"And in this fact of an illness to each occuring at the same time and place lies the secret of Mr. Irrian's interest in her?" he said tentatively.

"It is a pity you left the Bar," returned Mary, with a laugh; "you would have cross-examined well. I see Doctor Arnold coming; I shall turn you over to him now."

This talk had taken place in the garden, and Mary turned to leave him; but Harold detained her for another question.

"Knowing of Estrild's grief, why did you not relieve it by telling her I lived?" he said. "Surely you heard of me from Cumberland!"

"Do you think," asked Mary reproachfully, "that, had he written to me, I would have kept back the truth for a moment? You forget that, knowing or guessing I was with his father, he dared not send me a letter."

"And is there a complete reconciliation between them now?"

"I hope so," Mary answered; but Harold saw that her lip quivered, and she walked away quickly, as if determined to avoid further questioning.

On the night of Harold's arrival Cumberland had confessed to him that a serious quarrel with his father had been the cause of his leaving home and going to India.

But the whole subject had appeared so painful to him that Harold had abstained from dwelling on it, so that he still remained ignorant of the reason he had, or believed he had, for leaving his home and renouncing even his name.

True, he had a right to the name of Cumberland, as he had explained, for it was his mother's name, and he inherited her property, which was considerable enough to make him independent.

All this Harold had heard during the first half-hour of his stay at Trame, while he had kept his chaise waiting, meaning to depart as soon as his interview with Mary Armstrong was over; but, as was natural, on seeing his friend again, he soon yielded to his entreaty to remain as a guest.

Not that Cumberland's invitation alone decided him; it was the curious mixture of doubt, of interest, of mystery unsolved, which lay like a cloud on his own mind that half consciously, half unconsciously, influenced him to remain at Trame.

"It is a grand old pile," said Doctor Arnold, coming up to him where he stood at the end of a yew-tree avenue, looking back at the shadows gathering round the gables and peaks of Trame.

"I suppose it is very old?" Harold interrogated.

"As old as these yews; there is not such another avenue in England—so sombre, so dark, and so ancient. Look at these gnarled trunks; they are wonderful!"

"Everything is wonderful at Trame," said Harold, "from Miss Armstrong's music, which rushes like a wild wind through the dim corridors, down to myself, the guest of an invisible host, the friend of a man whom I half believe to be ——"

He stopped abruptly, looking up at the dark trees whose black shadows hung like a pall above him.

"Whom you half believe to be a little cracked," said Doctor Arnold, finishing the sentence in his own way. "Well, certainly young Irrian, or Cumberland, as you continue to call him, has strange ideas or, rather, as a medical man, I must call them delusions. It is through these that he quitted England. His departure was, in fact, a flight; his father pursued him, but was too late to stop his voyage to India."

"Yes; he thought it was a good place to get killed in," interposed Harold. "This much of his feelings he told me."

"Just so; he was overwhelmed with melancholy and a mad desire to die. But even that was not so strong as his wild wish to escape his father's presence; he seemed to hold him in a kind of horror, and declared he would rush away to the ends of the earth rather than meet him again."

"I suppose he has got over that now?" said Harold.

"Well, you will think it strange when I tell you he has not. Although he is here at Trame, he has neither seen his father nor spoken to him since his return."

"That is strange indeed!" and Harold pondered introspectively for a moment, his thoughts dwelling on scenes in India and phases of Cumberland's character. "I should not have thought him revengeful," he said. "Surely the quarrel between father and son must have been very terrible, and Mr. Irrian must be to blame!"

"Captain Armstrong must have felt that also, or he would not have sheltered young Irrian on board his ship, or have procured his commission for him in the Indian Army."

Harold felt as if he were drawing near the brink of a precipice, and that one step farther, one look beyond, would reveal to him some horror of which as yet he had only dreamed.

For an instant he remained silent, then he was compelled to speak.

"Cumberland was on board the Alert just before the storm in which she was lost?" he said, in slow accents.

He could not look up; he waited for the answer with heart beating fast and lips growing pale and dry.

The black shadow of the yews made a darkness around them—the two men scarce saw each other's faces; his paleness passed unnoticed.

"True," said Doctor Arnold carelessly, never guessing what his words meant to Harold. "And it was the belief that his son was drowned that caused Mr. Irrian's illness at Salisbury. He was on his way back from Portsmouth, whither he had gone in the hope of finding him, when the terrible news reached him of the wreck of the Alert. Then Mary and Mrs. Armstrong came to him, bringing a letter."

"Ah, yes!" interjected Harold. "It was a letter given to me by an outward-bound East Indiaman."

"Just so," continued Doctor Arnold; "and you kindly took it to them yourself. Well, that letter saved Mr. Irrian's life; it was from Captain Armstrong, assuring him of his son's safety. He knew then that the young fellow had left the Alert before the storm that wrecked her."

Harold drew a great breath and pressed against the sombre tree beneath which he stood; he felt the need of some strength outside his own on which to lean.

His very heart was trembling; he found it impossible to think, he could decide on no plan of action that appeared to him within the bounds of his power.

To accept a man's hospitality and denounce his son—his only son! No, it was impossible!

The courses of action he might pursue pressed upon him in a confused way, broken and following one on the other like clouds driven by the wind.

Once hope sprung upon him in the thought that Cumberland was not guilty, except through some accident which had caused the shot; but this hope died quickly. An innocent man does not fly from justice.

Captain Armstrong would not have put to sea in threatening weather to save his friend only from the pain of giving evidence at an inquest.

So on whichever side Harold looked there seemed to be no escape, no way by which he could avoid the dreadful duty that lay before him.

"These Irrians are gloomy men," continued Doctor Arnold, as he walked up and down beneath the shadows, while Harold still stood, dazed and sorrowful leaning against the tree. "Even the happy knowledge of his son's safety did not remove from Mr. Irrian the horrible melancholy that had seized upon him; nothing soothed him but Mary's music. He spends his great income in doing good, and yet treats himself as if he were a criminal."

"What did you say?" asked Harold vaguely. "A criminal!"

"Yes; he dooms himself to solitary confinement, as unworthy of human intercourse. Even Mary sits in an ante-room when she plays her harp to him. Sometimes through the partially open door he will wave a pale hand to her in thanks, or more rarely still he will let her see his face with a sad smile on it, while a word or two of blessing falls from his lips which would wring a heart of stone."

"Mad, I suppose?" said Harold."

"Mad? No—sane as you or I. He manages all his affairs with a clearness and precision quite wonderful. It is simply grief that is destroying him—grief that is eating heart and life away."

A light seemed to break upon Harold's mind. Was he aware of his son's guilt, and was it this knowledge that was killing him?

"Since when has he led this strange lonely life of penance?" he asked, raising his head at last, and looking keenly at Doctor Arnold.

"Since his illness at Salisbury. I have attended him since that period, coming here at intervals—more at Mary's wish than his. I would do much for Mary; she is a girl endowed with great strength of character, and she possesses, too, wonderful soothing powers. She is full of love and gentleness; she could persuade a lion to be a lamb."

"I know she is persuasive; her sweet voice wins souls and makes a man forget his duty," said Harold, in a low bitter tone, as though speaking to himself.

"Eh—what?" said the Doctor. "No, she is not at all that sort of girl. She is like the finest steel, pliable and gentle, yet strong."

"Only since his illness he has had this gloom, did you say?" asked Harold, passing over the Doctor's intervening words as though he had not heard them.

"Well, I can hardly affirm that, for I hear that he was always of a sad nature, given to fitful moods of gloom. And, strange to say, when he was young, during his father's lifetime, he evinced much the same disposition as his son. He too went into the Army and did his utmost to get killed. Young Irrian was desperately rash, I believe, in India."

"Yes—savagely determined to die if he could," said Harold. "But he seems to have forgotten his gloom, or at all events he can hide it more easily now than he did then."

Harold did not hear Doctor Arnold's answer; he had relapsed into thought. Father and son had not met, though under the same roof and apparently reconciled.

Could it be that this sorrowing and mournful recluse doing penance for his son's sin could bear all things except the sight of his face?

Was he virtually saying, "I can forgive you, I can hide your crime, I can even slowly die for it; but I cannot touch your hand, I cannot suffer your presence?"

"Well, yes, the young fellow seems light-hearted enough; yet somehow he always gives me the impression that his gaiety is forced. I knew a man once who lived under a secret horror, which he was always striving to hide or to shake off. Now I see an odd resemblance at times between that man and young Irrian."

"What became of him?" asked Harold, rousing himself.

"Well, I thought he would commit suicide; but he didn't—he lived to be hanged. He was a man of my profession; he had poisoned his wife."

"I shall leave Trame to-night!" said Harold.

"What!" exclaimed the Doctor, turning backwards on his path to look at him. "You don't seem well, Oliver—your eyes are slightly dilated. Have you seen the Trame ghost?"

"Is there a ghost?" asked Harold, pressing his hand on his forehead. "I wish I could see it, and it would tell me what—what path leads out of the labyrinth. Yes, I do feel a little strange. I am indebted to Mr. Irrian for Estrild's life, am I not? And I think I understand why he has saved her. Yes, I owe her life and happiness to this sad, melancholy man. Oh, I must certainly quit Trame at once! Then there is Mary Armstrong too—she loves Cumberland. Is there a place near this where I can hire a carriage?"

"You are slightly feverish," said Doctor Arnold, holding him now by the wrist. "You are not fit to travel to-day, I set my veto upon it; and there is no chaise to be had nearer than the town. Let us walk; you are wrong to stand still beneath these deep shadows. You have caught a little chill."

"I am quite well," Harold answered, walking on with him abstractedly. "I was thinking over what you said just now, that, where there is a secret horror which a man tries to beat down, it arises from some act or fact of which the world is ignorant."

"Certainly it does in most instances, that is where there is no disease, mind you. So you have found out my little friend Mary's secret? Upon my word, I believe she would let herself be boiled alive to spare that young fellow any trouble."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Harold. "Yes, I perceive her motive throughout has been love for Cumberland. It is a pity—a sad pity!"

"Well, between ourselves, I think so too. These haunted men ought not to marry."

"Haunted!" repeated Harold, with a wan smile. "I suppose you mean haunted by remorse. There must be some farm or place near where I can at least hire a horse?"

"There are horses and to spare at Trame. But you must listen to reason; you cannot leave in this hurried way—it would give offence. Mr. Irrian is very sensitive to any slight shown to him. You surely owe him some consideration!"

"I owe him more than I can ever pay. I am deeply sorry for him."

"Then you must endure our society for a day or two longer, especially as you are not well, and are under no strong necessity to depart."

"There is the strongest necessity possible," said Harold. "If I stay here, I shall bring trouble. Nine miles—it is not far; I can walk to the town."

"And get lost on the hills! It is too late to dream of such a project. I perceive your nerves are a little shaken. Seriously now, have you seen or heard the Trame ghost?"

"Is it the ghost of a hidden crime?" asked Harold, in a bitter tone. "One sees that unfortunately in all shapes in this world."

"True. But this particular ghost is a rarer sort. It is two years or more since it was last seen. There is an idea prevalent that Mary keeps it away, and that it has no power to appear while she is at Trame. Evil spirits cannot come into her presence. I believe it is her music that makes the charm, and the old Crusader and his chant are fain to vanish before it."

Harold stopped suddenly, with all his wandering thoughts brought instantly into a single focus.

"Is this ghost a crusader?" he asked, in a changed voice.

"They say he is."

"Then I should like to see him."

"Well, you may have an opportunity after to-morrow, for the spell of Mary's music will be removed. She is going to Carlisle for a few days, I am sorry to say."

"Then I will stay at Trame," said Harold, "for those few days."

"I am glad to hear it. I should be horribly lonely otherwise, for young Irrian escorts Mary on her journey. So, you see, we will have Trame and its ghost to ourselves."

"You leave out the master of Trame, please."

"Poor man—he is a ghost himself! Only a pale hand seen at door or window—only the shadow of a haggard face passing over wall or blind!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

IT was a relief to Harold to know that he would be spared the companionship of Cumberland, as he still always called him.

There was only this one evening in which to endure his presence; in the morning he would leave for Carlisle with Mary; and Harold resolved to quit Trame before his return.

To himself he scarcely gave a reason for his sudden change of purpose in remaining a few days longer.

It was partly an instinctive feeling that he ought to stay and partly a superstitious feeling which decided him, and above all perhaps it was the weight removed from his mind in knowing that Cumberland would be absent.

To remain, if he were at Trame, would be impossible; the mental suffering to himself—perhaps to both—would be too great.

He said "to both," because at times, in the midst of his joyousness, Cumberland would cast an uneasy glance his way, and in addressing him there was a timidity in his manner, a quiver in his voice which spoke of fear and grief.

The whole situation was full of sorrow, dismay, and doubt; and, though for a few minutes Harold might converse and fling off his burden, yet after this momentary ease his mind, like a bent steel, flew back to its old attitude of watchful yet confused pain.

That evening they all sat in a large room called the library.

It was full of shadows and recesses, and it had a very dark groined roof and deep ancient windows with seats around them.

Mary and Cumberland sat together in the embrasure of one of these windows. It looked out upon the yew-tree walk, and the sound of the waterfall, in a subdued murmur, pierced the thick glass in low music.

The darkness of the yews without and the large heavy shadow of the velvet window-curtain nearly hid these two young figures.

The light of the solitary lamp seemed to flit by their faces, to throw a slight glow within the darkness of the yews, where, at the entrance of the long black walk, it made a little circle of flickering fire.

Doctor Arnold and Harold sometimes spoke together, but both were reading, and one was engrossed with his book, while the other was full of dark thoughts.

He glanced often at the lovers with a wistful sort of envy, the shadow of Estrild standing at the threshold of all the avenues of his troubled thought.

To his fancy she seemed to guard these people, whispering continually of safety on the sea through Mary and the master of Trame. Well, he had striven nobly to expiate his son's guilt, and for his sake

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Here his thought broke, for a few murmured words from the window fell upon his ear.

"Leonard, I hate to see you so happy," said Mary—"it is cruel!"

Her lover laughed and whispered back some answer unheard.

"I have been thinking," observed Doctor Arnold, laying his book on his knee, "over your remark this evening on the horror arising in the mind from some secret act or fact of which the sufferer himself alone is cognisant. I believe, if the truth were told, this is the source of half the grief in the world."

"In other words," said Harold, "you mean man is created with a conscience and gifted with a memory."

He glanced towards the window. Mary was listening with fixed sorrowful eyes; Cumberland had ceased to laugh, but his face was turned towards the darkness without, as if he would not hear, or heard unwillingly. A wan smile touched Harold's lips.

"No; the feeling to which I allude," continued Doctor Arnold, "is stronger than conscience and clearer-sighted than memory. It is instinct; and behind instinct there always lies some great truth, or reason, if you prefer that word."

"Don't listen, Mary," whispered Cumberland. "Why does he prose like that, making one's flesh creep?"

Mary moved slightly away from him; he kept his head turned to the window, his eyes fixed on the yew-tree walk; the little circle of light that flickered and gleamed on its entrance touched his young face fitfully with a pale light.

Harold heard his words, and kept silent, all his heart listening, hoping for he knew not what.

"Instinct is, in reality, faith," continued the Doctor. "The whole living world teaches us that. The young bird who has never seen the sea crosses the ocean, believing he shall find land; and he does. It is through belying his faith the criminal suffers."

"Why begrudge me my light-heartedness, Mary?" broke in Cumberland's voice. "It will not last long. Are you preaching to us, Doctor?" he asked, turning to him with a slight laugh. "Let me say a word for the criminal, who lives alone within the circle of horror and hatred that the world and his own heart draw around him. It is stronger than his prison walls; it is a ring of fire which he cannot cross——"

"Who is that outside?" asked Doctor Arnold, interrupting him hurriedly.

A figure was standing just within the flickering flame or reflection of the lamplight which fell on the arched entrance of the yew-tree walk.

All behind him was black darkness, and the shadow of light in which he stood did not reach his face; it only touched his pale hand, which hung listless by his side.

His attitude was inexpressibly mournful, and in an instant—even as the eye fell on him—he turned and quickly vanished within the black depth that stretched beyond him.

"It was Mr. Irrian," said Mary. "He walks in the yew-tree avenue at times at night."

Harold, being farthest from the window, had caught no glimpse of the sad lonely figure, and, though he half rose at Doctor Arnold's exclamation, he did not take a step forward, a feeling of delicacy holding him to his seat.

He was glad when Mary hastily drew down the blind.

The solitary walk in darkness which the master of Trame allowed himself ought not to be intruded on even by a glance.

As Cumberland came forward from the window, Harold saw he was very pale, and his hand shook as, holding it over chin and mouth, he hid the trembling of his lips.

"How ghastly it is to see a son so shaken by the sight of the father upon whose heart he has laid such a burden!" said Harold to himself.

But, if Cumberland was shaken, he flung off his agitation quickly; and, coming behind Mary's chair, he pressed her head back upon his breast, and, stooping, kissed her on the forehead.

"Mary, you are my antidote for every ill," he whispered. "Dearest, you must not stay long away. "I could not endure the horror of this place alone."

"I must remain a fortnight," Mary answered. "Mr. Oliver, I go every year to Carlisle to pay a visit to my great-aunt, old Mrs. Cumberland; she is the link of relationship between me and Mr. Irrian. Cannot you stay here till I return? Oh, I wish you would try to stay!"

"I cannot indeed," said Harold decidedly. "It is quite impossible."

Cumberland did not speak; evidently he dared not second Mary's invitation.

A silence fell on the little party, broken only by the measured step without, which came and went as the lonely master of Trame paced up and down beneath the darkness of the yews.

His son at times threw a hasty glance towards the curtained window, and seemed to grow impatient and angry. He rose suddenly and began to stride up and down the long room, his tread sounding like a wistful echo of the steps without.

A certain uneasiness, a curious expectancy, seemed to pervade all minds but his.

Yet no one spoke of this; they were like a party awaiting the reading of a will or the appearance of a spectre, when no one likes to disclose his hope, his fear, or the shrinking of his flesh to another.

Why was Mr. Irrian pacing that funereal walk in such bitter loneliness? Would he come to the window and look in upon them with the horrible feelings of a Frankenstein to whom all home comforts were denied; or would he suddenly appear among them and claim his rightful place by his own fireside?

This surely would be natural; and yet Harold shrank from the thought with a kind of horror.

That Mr. Irrian should stand without in the cold flicker of his own lamplight, or pace the darkness to and fro stealthily like an outcast, seemed to him—he know not why—more fitting than that he should place himself amongst them like an ordinary man whose soul sorrow had not withered.

"Mary, give us some music," said Cumberland, stopping suddenly by her chair.

"Not now," she answered in a low voice. "He would come to the window to listen. I could not bear it; the sorrow of it all would be too much for me. Oh, Leonard, you have been too happy—cruelly happy of late!"

The young man turned away as if in anger, and paced the room again, but at the darkest end he stopped, and burst into a harsh laugh.

"Oliver, I must go out to India again, and get killed in earnest this time. That will please Mary. You won't be there to hinder me."

"No," said Harold, with laconic coldness.

"Well, it is rather hard, having had my life saved against my will, that I should be reproached for enjoying it a little."

"Not for that," interposed Mary, "but for the cause of your joy."

She spoke hurriedly and checked herself, as if alarmed at her own words. Harold saw her grow pale.

A short silence followed her speech, as her listeners considered it was meant for Cumberland alone.

Still standing in the darkness, he turned now to Doctor Arnold.

"These hereditary instincts are strange things, Doctor. Don't they, to your mind, excuse the sinner? A curse runs in his blood, you see. Can the children of Canaan help it if their father was accursed?"

"It is a wide question," said the Doctor. "It is possible to escape a curse."

"Yes?" said Cumberland; and his voice came out of the darkness with a sigh in the old wistful way Harold remembered so well in India. Somehow the doubtful affirmative touched him, and he looked towards the young dim figure more kindly.

"Let us put a case," continued Cumberland. "In Germany the office of executioner is or was hereditary. Now in such a race a thirst for blood might run through their veins—the desire to kill might be a passion."

"It might," said Doctor Arnold. "And in the execution of criminals the passion would be gratified."

"Without sin?" said Cumberland; and, stepping farther back, he leaned against the old oak panelling of the wall, where his figure looked like a shadow or a picture seen dimly.

Glancing at him thus, a perplexing memory fell on Harold's mind of some shadowy resemblance to some one forgotten.

"No, not without sin, if he did his horrible work not as a duty laid on him, but as a ghastly thing of joy."

"Ah, you are right there! But I have not finished my case yet. The executioners may abhor the office forced upon them, may seek with anguish every outlet of escape, and, finding none, may strive to die. Would they be to blame if they rushed on death?"

"Come, come, young man, you are talking unhealthily;" said the Doctor. "I shall not answer that question."

"Well, then, I will put another," returned Cumberland, in the same sad voice. "Let us suppose it possible that only one criminal is left in the kingdom, and, that one being dead, the executioner is free of his office for ever. Now, if that unfortunate being were in such danger of death that escape from it seemed beyond hope, would it be a sin in the man on whom the doom of executioner fell to be a little glad?"

No one replied, for Mary rose hurriedly, and, going into the dimness where her lover stood, put her hand on his arm and whispered to him. In a moment more he came forward a little into the light, and, throwing back his head, laughed in a forced way.

"Mary cannot complain of my cheerfulness this evening," he said. "I have been gloomy as a tombstone. I feel as if I should never be glad again. I am going to relieve you of my shadow. Good-night!"

He went without holding out his hand to any one.

Mary followed him wistfully with her eyes, and then returned to her seat by the fire, and took up her work again.

"He cannot bear to hear Mr. Irrian pacing the yew-tree walk in that mournful way," she said, as if excusing him. "It tries his nerves."

"He has been rather odd to-night," observed the Doctor; "but he is a young fellow who often says odd things. That was a queer notion of his about the hereditary executioner being glad if some one else killed——" He stopped, for a slight sound struck the window-pane; it was as though a finger had tapped on it, as if asking for admittance. "Can Mr. Irrian wish to speak to me?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" Mary answered. "It was only a leaf blown against the pane."

Harold went to the window and drew aside the blind; all without was blank emptiness and darkness.

A sharp wind was blowing strongly from the east; it waved the yew-trees like funeral plumes. Dark clouds were sweeping across a sky faintly visible by the light of a few stars.

A thickness was in the air like the damp mist arising from dead leaves; the atmosphere seemed charged with something deadly. It gave Harold a peculiarly unpleasant thrill, as, still holding the blind back, he stood a moment looking out upon the night, and listening to the sound of the waterfall, which, shaken by the wind, rushed downwards with an unwonted wail.

He let the blind fall back, and returned to his seat with a vague feeling that something was wrong or some danger was near. People who have suffered sorrow or passed through dangers know the feeling well, yet none can explain it, for none know its cause.

It is an uneasiness which warns them that all is not well; it is a voice without speech; it is unlike anything else that can be felt.

Moreover, it is seldom that this inward foreboding can be expressed to another; it passes through the soul silently, and steals away, as it came, without words.

Doctor Arnold had vanished; Harold and Mary were alone.

He was glad, for he felt a need to say good-bye to her with all the kindness she deserved.

In the happy calm of Mary's young personality his forebodings passed; hope smiled upon him again.

Her influence was always calming; child as she seemed in appearance, she was strong in heart and mind; and her voice and touch were a tonic against all morbid thoughts.

"Mary, you know I have kept my promise," Harold said—"the promise made when you gave me this;" and he showed her the jewelled pen. "I have hurt no one you loved."

"You saved his life," she answered simply.

"I did not know then he was the man I had pursued so far as India. When I knew it, I left him. I never opened the letter he gave me with his father's address. Had I opened it, I should not have come here, unless news had rescued me of his death. Mary, when I leave Trame I hope I shall never meet him again. He will go away early to-morrow without a good-bye, and it is better so. I do not think I could take his hand."

Mary bent her head forward; her tears were falling quietly.

"Why not?" she said, in a very faint voice.

"I cannot tell you why. It is better you should not know. Your father saved him once, and now you, Mary, save him again, for it was for your sake in India, it is for your sake here at Trame that I withhold my hand."

At that instant the slight sound at the window came again, and Harold started and glanced towards it, but did not again move from his seat to look out upon the night.

"I confess," he continued, "that, if Estrild had not recalled me and given up her superstitious fear of the future, I could not act as I am acting now."

"And do you think you are acting justly?" Mary asked, with bitterness in her tone.

"No, not justly. But the man whom you love, the man whom your father died to save, I must try to forgive. One thing more—I cannot forget all that you and Mr. Irrian have done to save Estrild. For that good deed which gives me my life's happiness I owe forgiveness for that other deed."

"Hush!" Mary interposed hurriedly. "I will hear no more; lest you say something I cannot forgive. You know not what you say. There are mysteries and griefs around us that neither you nor I can understand!"

She was very pale, her voice shook, her hand trembled as she held it gently out to him.

Her manner, more than her words, impressed Harold strangely, and the peculiar thrill which the chill air had given him at the window rushed through his veins again.

"Good-night and good-bye," Mary said kindly. "You and I can never have aught but goodwill to each other, happen what may."

"Never!" returned Harold emphatically.

"You strove to save my father's life; you rushed among a thousand deaths to rescue Leonard"—again her voice shook—"I owe you more than I can ever pay."

She turned her face from him—it had grown paler and paler.

"Keep Estrild in London, Langarth is an unlucky dwelling."

"She shall not live there," Harold said quickly.

These simple words seemed to break down Mary's calmness. She clasped her hands a little wildly.

"Mr. Irrian has done all that man can do to save her!" she cried. "He cannot fight against the unseen power——"

She checked herself, and her large gray eyes, full of a piteous prayer, seemed to ask pardon as she gazed up into Harold's face.

"You speak truly," he said. "Death comes to Langarth by a stranger messenger."

"Yes;" and with a shudder she nestled close to him, as a child would in fear.

He put his arm around her with something of the same feeling that he had on their first interview, when he had lifted her to his knee as a child, and, looking down on her wonderfully innocent infantine face, he bent to kiss her.

She gave him her cheek quietly.

"You will never hurt any one I love?" she said, her great eyes pleading with him more passionately than her voice.

"No, never," he answered—for at that moment he felt he could refuse nothing to Mary Armstrong. There was not a shadow of any unfaithfulness in this to the great love that had filled his heart for years; it was done only to the wonderful charm of the girl who had the purity and peace of a child with the soul of a woman.

Once more they said good-bye, and parted.

Cumberland's voice from the hall without was calling, "Mary—Mary!" and she hurried away quickly.

Left alone, Harold sank into a reverie, watching the embers burn low on the hearth, and dreaming of the days to come. He heard the opening and shutting of doors, but paid no heed to it, nor cared to rouse himself till a servant entered to put out the lamp.

"Oh, I will do it!" Harold said carelessly.

But the man stood still within the door—he had a scared look.

"Young Mr. Irrian and Miss Armstrong are gone, sir," he said.

"Gone," Harold cried—"at this time of night! I thought they did not leave till the morning?"

"Mr. Leonard changed his mind, sir, and insisted on leaving at once. Miss Armstrong will catch the Carlisle coach; it passes the east lodge at midnight."

Harold remained silent, pondering a moment in surprise.

"When will young Mr. Irrian return?" he asked.

"Oh, sir, I fear he means never to come back! He has left Trame as he did once before. Oh, this will be a sad trouble to Miss Mary and his father!"

"But Miss Armstrong is with him?"

"No, sir; he saw her only to the coach; then he came back, saddled his horse himself, and rode away."

Harold listened in amazement. What could Cumberland have said to Mary to induce her to consent to this change of plan?

"Perhaps he has ridden to overtake the coach?"

"No, sir; I saw him take the south road, riding like the wind!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NOVEL charity has been started in Chicago by one Dan Dornum. He has started a lodging and boarding house for men out of employment. He gives the men their board and lodging free, but requires them to join his street-cleaning brigade, with which he intends to clean the sidewalks and street-crossings in the business centre of Chicago. To those who do the work he promises three substantial meals each day and a clean and comfortable place to sleep. He will not require any pay from the storekeepers, but will rely on the generosity of those benefited to assist him in furnishing the funds necessary to carry out his plans.

EVERY man must, in a measure, be alone in the world. No heart was ever cast in the same mold as that which we bear within us.

WASHINGTON.

BY WM. MACKINTOSH.

Hail to his memory! Hail
Unto his honored name!
No coward slander dare assail
Nor blight its fairest fame.

As the stately oak stands far
O'er cowering vine, so you
Tower o'er men—a brightest star,
One of the noble few.

Thus our hearts are led
To muse how great is He
That gave you such a soul, and made
You father of the free.

They live on Time's bright page
Who served and raised their kind,
But you in the heart of every age
Are both revered and shrined.

Dorothy Ennerdale.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORLSTONE SCANDAL," "HIS FRIEND AND ENEMY," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"I DARE not!" she whispered feverishly to herself, a sudden scarlet flush making her cheeks burn, and then and there she wrote very hastily back, informing Mrs. Escott that she did not think she could come.

Mrs. Pennant could not spare her, and, besides, she did not care about so long a journey in the winter-time.

She would rather stay in London this Christmas. She was quite comfortable, no one was to worry about her, and she concluded by sending her fondest love to Mrs Escott—and she hoped Mr. Ennerdale was quite well.

A letter from the old lady reached her in a couple of days, affectionate, doleful, reproving, and low-spirited.

Dorothy did not pay much heed to the mildly reproachful protests against her decision, for in the envelope was enclosed another letter, flimsy and foreign, and well covered with conflicting post-marks. She tore open Frank's letter eagerly.

It was shorter than his usual epistles, and the first page or two contained a half-vexed, half-affectionate expostulation.

He had just received her letter announcing the governess business, and was beyond measure upset and grieved about it. What in the world had made her think of such a preposterous thing? he asked.

Was it Dick's fault? He hardly thought it could be.

Well, at any rate, he would soon hear the rights of it, for the yacht was fairly turned homewards now, and he would probably reach England about the second week in the New Year.

When he did arrive, he should come straight to her, of course; and then, affectionately and fondly, like all Frank's letters, this one came to an end.

An odd smile—a smile that was too much like tears—was on the pretty pale face when Dorothy folded the letter and replaced it in the envelope.

"At last he is coming," she said to herself; "but it is too late to come to me; you should have come before, Frank, long before, or rather, you should never have gone away."

And so the dull foggy weeks crept slowly by until Christmas came and went.

Not for a long while afterwards did Dorothy tell any one of her solitary Christmas dinner in the faded schoolroom, or of the bitter tears she shed as she sat alone there.

All the family had gone out for the day, except a couple of servants, who were both sulky because they were obliged to stay in.

It was a dreadfully doleful Christmas Day, and it became so altogether unbearable about nine o'clock that Dorothy was glad to creep shivering to bed and finish her tears with her wet face hidden in the pillows.

The New Year came; the second week passed, and the third was well on its way, when the morning post brought her a letter from Frank—a hasty scrawl of half a dozen lines.

He had landed at Southampton, and would be with her on the afternoon of the following day.

She was alone on the next afternoon, for Mrs. Pennant, suspecting something of the state of affairs between the governess and her cousin, had kindly taken away the children and sent them out with one of the maids.

So Dorothy was standing alone in the middle of the room in her black dress when Frank came in.

He was just the same bright, kindly, sunny-tempered, careless Frank who had gone away nearly a year ago—she saw that in her first glance; but he stopped and looked at her, dimly recognising in the girl before him a different being from the Dorothy he had left.

His hesitation was but momentary, for in another instant both her hands were clasped in his, and he was kissing her. He was very fond of her, and just now he felt that he was fonder of her than ever, poor little thing!

"My dearest Dorothy! If you only knew how happy I am to see you again!"

"Not happier than I am to see you, dear Frank!"

She had crimsoned and half-drawn back at first when he kissed her, but now she lifted her face and quietly and frankly returned the caress.

"I began to think I should never see you again, you have been away so long."

"Yes, a great deal too long, it strikes me, seeing how things have been going."

He drew her to the couch and gently forced her to sit down by his side.

"How pale you are, dear, and no wonder, with this wretched governessing! I wonder you don't look worse."

"I am—very comfortable," she slowly stammered.

"Comfortable? Nonsense! How can you be comfortable, living in a place like this and being at everybody's back and call, when you have been used to Mount Ennerdale and having your own way all your life? You must be miserable, and I'm sure you look so. Poor dear little girl! What made you do it, Dorothy? I was never more surprised and grieved in my life than when I received your letter."

"It was only right that I should earn my living," she clasped her cold hands tightly together. "I am of age, you know, and I did not care to go on being a dependant."

"A dependant! What nonsense! As though any one ever thought of you as a dependant! Whatever put it into your head? Surely it was not Dick's fault! Did you quarrel with Dick?"

"No, no!"

Her face flushed burning red.

"It was not his fault, Frank; you must not think that. He did not wish me to leave; he was everything that is good and generous and kind, as he always is. It was my own wish."

"And how you could wish such a queer thing I'm sure I don't understand. However I am back now. When will you come away with me?"

"Not at all," she replied steadily. Frank stared in amazement.

"Not at all? Why? But, Dorothy darling, you must! You must let me take you back to Mount Ennerdale for a month or so, at least, until——"

He stopped, for a cold little hand touched his lips in such a fashion that he faltered as he looked at her.

"Hush! Don't say any more. Frank, my dear cousin"—her eyes were fixed steadily on his as the words came slowly and very distinctly—"my dear brother, you are not going to take me away; I am going to stay here!"

He understood her meaning—it was impossible for him to do otherwise. He rose from his seat, pale and agitated, not expecting this.

"Dorothy, you can't mean that that is your answer to me? You know that, ever since we were children together, I have cared for you—you know that it has always been my greatest wish and hope to ask you to be my wife. You must know it."

"Yes, I knew it," she said slowly; "but that is gone now, Frank."

"You used to care for me?" he persisted.

"And I do now, dear," she responded quickly and affectionately—"I do indeed! There has never been a moment of all the years we have known each other when I have cared more for you or been more truly fond of you than I am now. But, in thinking that we cared for each other in"—she blushed and faltered—"in the way you mean, we were both mistaken. I have found it out for a long time now, and you will do so soon."

"Because you have changed, does it follow that I should?" he cried, almost angrily.

"I have not changed," returned the girl calmly; "I have only found out the truth about myself. Dear Frank"—and she laid an entreating hand on his arm—"we are the truest friends, the fondest brother and sister from this time forth—are we not? We have always been so in reality, though we each made a mistake. You will not say we are not to be that?"

But he shook off her hand with a quick impatient movement, and, walking to the window, stood looking out gloomily.

He had never before felt so much in love with Dorothy as now, when she had just rejected him.

For a few minutes he stood thus, battling with the strongest feelings his easy nature had ever known. Then he turned round to her.

She was standing still looking at him, her big brown eyes larger and darker for the tears that filled them. All his better nature came to the surface then; and he crossed to her, and took both her hands in his.

"No, I won't say that, Dorothy; I'm not such an ungenerous brute as that. If it must be so, it must, though it's the worst knock-down blow I ever had in my life. Well, I never deserved you, I suppose; and I believe I have only myself to blame for this. I was a fool for going away and leaving you as I did. If I had asked you a year ago, as I ought to have done, I believe you would have given me a different answer."

He was nearer the truth than he knew, nearer perhaps than she did. Her face flushed hotly; but she answered at once, though slowly—

"Perhaps I might have done, Frank—I almost think I should; but, if I had done so, dear, and then we had found out, when it was too late, that we were both mistaken, how dreadful it would have been! We might have grown to hate each other, instead of standing together the best of friends, as we are now."

He did not reply at once, but pressed her hands in a warm clasp and stooped and kissed her.

She understood the action and what it implied, and quickly returned the kiss. They were as brother and sister now.

"But you must not stay here, Dorothy," Frank said presently. "It is impossible, dear. Your home should be at Mount Ennerdale."

"It is always—if I choose," she responded slowly. "Don't talk about it now, Frank—some other time."

Then, anxious to change the subject she asked—"Are you going to Ennerdale?"

"Not now. I meant to go there, of course, and take you with me; but, as it is, I don't much care about going just yet. Waring has been asking me to go down to his place for a month or so, and I think I shall."

"Yes; perhaps it will be best. Does Mr. Ennerdale know you are in England?"

"Dick? Yes; I dropped him a line this morning. How is the dear old fellow? Have you seen him lately?"

"No, not since I came away. He is quite well, I believe. You must go now, Frank, for you know my time is not my own."

"No; but it ought to be. Well, we must talk about that some other time. I shall run in and see you again before I go down with Ralph, if I can manage it."

And then, affectionately, they parted. Dorothy stood at the window watching him as he walked away through the dull snow-whitened square, with his head less erect and his step less elastic than usual. She heaved a little sigh when at last he passed out of her sight.

"Poor dear old Frank!" she said to herself. "He is pained and disappointed, I'm afraid; but he will soon get over it and forget what has passed. He is not like ——"

She did not finish her sentence, but gave vent to the tears she could not repress any longer, sobbing hopelessly and miserably as she leant her forehead against the cold dingy glass.

For a long while she stood there, and the short winter afternoon faded into twilight; the fire burnt low, and lamps began to glimmer in the darkening square.

Absorbed in her sad thoughts, she was hardly conscious that tears were falling thickly and fast upon her clasped white fingers.

It was an hour since Frank had left, and she suddenly became aware that there was some one in the room, and then saw a figure standing close beside her.

"Frank!" she cried, astonished, thinking he had returned; and then she started back, for a hand touched hers that was not Frank's. She knew whose it was.

"I startled you, I'm afraid, dear," Richard said gently. "I knocked twice at the door; but you did not hear me. And so you thought it was Frank?"

"Yes, he has been here. I thought he had come back," Dorothy faltered, looking at the dark face above her, and wondering whether it was the twilight that made it look so changed—grave, older, almost haggard.

"I did not know he was in England. When did he arrive?"

"He came up from Southampton only this morning."

She wished he would let her hand go, and not gaze so steadily into her face. Why had he come now, when she was feeling so weak and solitary?

"He has written to you, he told me. Have you not received the letter?"

"No; it was sent to Ennerdale, I suppose; and I have been in London a week. I am glad he is back—particularly glad."

His keen eyes defied the gathering darkness. "You have been crying, Dorothy?"

"A little, it was nothing. I was lonely," she stammered.

"Poor little girl, I don't wonder, cooped up as you are in this vault of a place! But Frank should have stopped those tears, my dear. Well, they are the last lonely ones you will shed, I hope. Do you know why I came to you to-day?"

"No."

She looked at him with frightened eyes, as she had once looked before.

"Why?"

"I came to say 'Good-bye.' I am off to the Cape again."

"The Cape!" Dorothy echoed, a chill creeping over her. "No, no. Don't go away—pray don't! Why should you?"

"Why?"—he gave a half-bitter laugh. "Because it is the best thing I can do, child, both for others and for myself. I made a most wretched mistake in ever coming to England. I found that out long ago."

"What do you mean?" she said falteringly.

"It is plain enough, I think—at least, it is to me. I come home, a stranger to every one of my own blood, and, in doing so, upset you all. What good have I done? A little among the poor people at Ennerdale perhaps, but that's all. I came hoping that I, stranger though I was, might settle down on friendly and affectionate terms with you all. I have failed to do it. Here has Frank been wandering about for a twelvemonth, with you fretting at home for him; and, above all, I have made you unhappy, and turned you out of your home, poor, dear child!"

"No, no! It was not you. It was all my fault," cried Dorothy quickly.

"Partly, perhaps; but, if I had not been there, you would never have left Mount Ennerdale. Cape life suits me the best, after all; I think I'm more fit for it and it is more fit for me. I have put everything about straight now, except arranging with Frank. I am going to ask him to live at Ennerdale in my stead. He will be willing enough, I daresay, after this long holiday; besides, he likes the old place."

"And you are really going?"

"Yes"—he was speaking very quickly. "My passage is taken. I go in a fortnight from now."

"And you will never come back?"

"Oh, yes; I hope so, dear! Why not? In a few years I shall want to see you all again. I don't mean to entirely banish myself from England; I shall like to think of you both as living in the old house—you and Frank."

"I will never go back there, never!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Oh, yes, I think you will! Of course you will. Poor aunt Janet is longing for her companion; she has missed you awfully, and the knitting gets into muddles. Besides, where should your home be but with Frank, child?"

A passionate impulse came over the girl to tell him what had passed between her and Frank that very day; but her courage failed her.

"I will never go to Ennerdale again!" was all she could say; and he did not reply to it.

"I must go now," he said hurriedly. "I go down to Ennerdale by to-night's mail. I'll write to Frank, and to you all, from the Cape. Good-bye, Dorothy! Think kindly of me, child!"

He wrung both her hands in a hearty pressure, and then hurried away.

Dorothy listened to his heavy footsteps down the stairs and across the hall, heard the door close behind him with a loud clang, and then, waking for the first time to the full knowledge of herself and of what this good-bye meant, she stretched out her cold hands appealingly, as though he were there to grasp them, sobbing out his name fondly and passionately in the tenderest heart-broken voice.

CHAPTER VII.

THE following days dragged on in a dull blank to Dorothy. She could only realize one thing—Richard was going away, and she was the cause of it.

She knew that, although he had not said it; and her heart was heavy with the thought.

Her love had come so slowly, or rather the knowledge of it had dawned upon her so gradually, that it had mastered her entirely before she realized the fact of its existence.

She had only felt at first that in some vague way he must always stand apart from her—that she could class him with no one else; and, coupled with this feeling, there had stolen upon her another—that she could never marry Frank.

Then, when in one swift moment she had known that Richard loved her, there had been passionate grief in her heart to think that she should cause him such pain, but not until the door had thus closed for the last time between them had she fully realized what that pain meant.

She could never go back to Ennerdale, she thought, with a shudder—to hear his voice, to see his face; above all, she could never enter the library again—the room where he had held her in his arms and kissed her.

It had only been for one brief moment; but she knew that, if she lived to be as faded, pale, and dull as poor aunt Janet, her heart must always beat more quickly at the memory of it.

She counted those fourteen days with a heavy heart as they went by. On the morning of the thirteenth there came to her a letter from Mrs. Escott.

Wondering vaguely why she had not written before, the girl languidly tore it open.

"What is the use of reading it? What can be the use of anything ever again?" she thought.

Mrs. Escott's letters were at the best of times never very easy to understand. She always started with something to say, it is true, but her way of saying it was peculiar, as she usually commenced with the middle and finished with the beginning of her subject, leaving it to the ingenuity and patience of her correspondent to find out what the whole meant.

But this letter was an exception to the rule—it was short and to the point. Mrs. Escott had been frightened into conciseness and coherency.

It did not take Dorothy long to master its contents; there was no need to read it twice.

There had been a fire at the west lodge, which was razed to the ground, and Richard, who had first discovered it, and then helped to rescue the family, was now lying suffering from dreadful burns and a broken arm.

Dorothy never really knew what she did next, or what she said to Mrs. Pennant. All she did know was that, in less than half an hour, she was in the train and flying along at the rate of thirty miles an hour towards Ennerdale.

And, in all her fright and fear and dread, one comforting thought was with her incessantly—he had not gone away—and, what was more, could not just yet, at any rate.

It was past ten o'clock on the bitterly cold wintry night when at last her journey came to an end.

No conveyance was waiting at the little station; for it was not known that she was coming. It was a walk of a mile and a half; but she faced it without an instant's hesitation.

Snow was beginning to fall, and the keen wind blew sharply in her face; but she neither heeded it nor slackened her swift pace until she stood before the large hall door of Mount Ennerdale.

All looked as usual, and she gave a great

sobbing, gasping breath of relief—she hardly knew what she had dreaded.

Old Simon admitted her, in answer to her impatient knock, and uttered an exclamation of horrified amazement at the snow-covered figure with the pale face and wild eyes; but Dorothy did not notice.

A light shone out from the little room opposite, and she hurried across, pushed open the door, and entered.

Mrs. Escott, who was sitting alone in the firelight, started up with a faint scream at the sight of the little dark trembling figure which came darting in. The girl seized her arm impulsively.

"Oh, auntie, tell me—is he any better? Will he get well? Will he die?" she gasped.

"Good gracious me, Dorothy, who on earth would have dreamt of seeing you?" the old lady cried, giving vent to her unbounded astonishment, instead of replying to the girl's words. "I'm sure I never ——"

"Is he better? Will he die?" reiterated Dorothy.

"For goodness sake, my dear, don't clutch hold of me so! Die? No, of course not! I'm sure he's tiresome enough, now he is better, to live for fifty years! I've nursed a good many people; but, what with his emptying his beef-tea into the water-jug whenever I'm not looking, and insisting upon smoking incessantly, in spite of all the doctors say, I'm fairly at my wit's end!"

But Dorothy did not hear the conclusion of this speech.

The sudden intense relief was too much for her overwrought nerves; and, for the first time in her life, she quietly fainted away.

* * * * * *

"I should think that, now he is downstairs again, you might go and talk to him a little, Dorothy, and try to amuse him. You are very absurd, child. Why won't you let me tell him you are here?"

"I told you, when I came, he must not know, auntie," said Dorothy; "I don't wish it. And he never asks for me, does he?"

"Oh, dear, no, child! In fact, I don't think I've heard him mention your name since you went away; one would think he had completely forgotten your existence," replied Mrs. Escott comfortingly. "And yet I used to think sometimes that he was rather fond of you too."

"Did you?" said Dorothy faintly.

"Why, yes, I used to fancy so, child; but then, of course, I know that you always hated him, though why, I'm sure, only goodness knows!"

Dorothy said no more, and Mrs. Escott did not try to force conversation. The capacious and well-cushioned chair in which she sat was drawn up before the fire, and, before many minutes had elapsed, the old lady's placid blue eyes were closed in sleep.

Three weeks had passed since Dorothy had journeyed back to Ennerdale, and through all that time she had not seen Richard, nor indeed would she let him know that she was in the house, though why she hardly knew.

Whatever danger the patient had been in was entirely over now, and he had sturdily refused to be treated as an invalid any longer: so to-day he was downstairs for the first time.

Poor Mrs. Escott was, as she expressed it, at her wit's end to know how to amuse and keep him quiet, for he took to his enforced confinement very unkindly. Just now she had left him dozing before the library fire, greatly to her satisfaction and relief.

Dorothy had over and over again heard the story of the fire at the west lodge, for Mrs. Escott delighted in enlarging upon it, even though she horrified herself beyond measure whenever she did so.

It happened on the night following Richard's visit to Bulstrode Square, though of that visit the old lady knew nothing, and Dorothy did not enlighten her.

A little crowd had collected by this time, but it could do nothing to stay the fury of the fire.

The nearest fire-engine station was ten miles off, and the place would be completely gutted before any aid could possibly arrive from that quarter.

Even the apparatus at the house could have been of no service now, had it been on the spot. It was plain that the roof would fall in in another moment, when some one suddenly screamed out that there was a little child left in the burning lodge.

The baby had been rescued with its still insensible parents, but the other child—little Job—had been forgotten.

The moment the cry was raised, and the Squire heard it, he rushed again into the blazing house; and, after a few minutes of breathless suspense, he appeared at the window with the little inert figure in his arms.

He had barely time to drop it into the arms outstretched to receive it when the roof fell in, and a huge beam, in falling, struck him down.

Dorothy always turned faint at this point of the recital; she could hardly bear to hear how those who had stood mute with terror had rallied then, and, rushing in, had dragged Richard out, scorched and insensible, with a broken arm and bleeding head, from what was little more than a heap of ruins.

This story, drawn out to an indefinite length, the girl had heard a score of times, coupled with Mrs. Escott's account of her own feelings on the occasion, and the awful "turn" it had given her.

Mrs. Escott was always experiencing "turns" of various degrees of severity. To endless lamentations and wonderings about Richard's going to the Cape, which he still steadfastly intended to do, as soon as he was well enough to undertake the voyage, Dorothy had also listened; to her it hardly mattered what the dear old lady talked about, so long as it was about him.

As she now sat in the firelight, striving to force back the tears from her brown eyes, the longing to see him, if only for an instant, grew stronger and stronger.

Aunt Janet had left him asleep; she might see him for just one minute without his seeing her.

Perhaps—well, perhaps the fire wanted poking; very likely it did. It appeared almost a certainty, now she came to think of it; so, after a little more hesitation, she went softly across the hall to the library door.

She had not once entered the room since that dreadful day which it made her heart beat fast to think of even now, and now it required all her resolution to enter.

She stood for some moments with her fingers on the handle, but no sound was audible. He was asleep, evidently, and she might venture. So, quaking not a little, she gently pushed open the door and went in.

The large, high-backed, old-fashioned purple leather chair, in which he had been fond of sitting while he smoked that shocking pipe, was drawn up in front of the fire, though at some distance from it.

Dorothy crept softly across the room, her steps making no sound on the thick carpet, and took up the poker, for the fire really did need attention. She had not yet ventured a glance at him.

Perhaps, being nervous, she did not take hold of the poker as tightly as she might have done—at any rate, it slipped from her fingers, and, falling upon the shovel and tongs, the three together came tumbling down, producing a clatter which only fire-irons can when accidently knocked over; and Dorothy, turning round, with a scared look, met Richard Ennerdale's eyes fixed full upon her, wide awake enough.

"Why, Dorothy!"

He was on his feet in front of her before she could make any attempt to escape.

"It is really you, then? When I opened my eyes, I thought you were part of my dream. And so you have come home? I hoped you would, though I didn't suppose I should see you again. You thought I was off by this time, I suppose?"

"I—must go back to-morrow," Dorothy stammered.

"Go back! What for? Nonsense, child! I shall not be here long."

"You know I don't mean that!" cried Dorothy, wavering between an inclination to burst into tears and a counter inclination to lose her temper. "I never meant to come here at all, only aunt Janet frightened me so."

"About me? That was hardly worth upsetting yourself about, dear. It was nothing. I've been in worse plights than this. And so she scared you with a tragic account, I suppose?"

"How can you call it nothing? You know it is awful—dreadful!"

She shuddered, looking at his bandaged arm and at the great scar across his forehead.

"It is horrible to think of!"

"Why, it is only the left arm, luckily! There might be something to complain of if I had broken both. As it is, I shall be all right in a week or two. Don't go off to London again, child. What is the use? I shall be off to the Cape as soon as I am well enough."

"If you do, I'll never come into the house again as long as I live!" cried Dorothy, suddenly letting the tears gain a complete mastery.

"Don't you like me to go, then? Don't cry, dear; I didn't know you cared about it. Well, if I stay, will you come back here as you used to be, you know?"

"No!" sobbed Dorothy. "You ought to know I won't."

"Well, what will you do, then?"

He looked at her with a puzzled face.

"If I go away, you won't come here—if I stay, you won't come here. You can't possibly want to go back to the wretched governessing business in London, can you? No?"—as she shook her head. "Well, then, what will you do, dear? Tell me. What is it you want to do? You shall, you know, whatever it is."

"I'll go with you, if you'll take me," Dorothy sobbed, suddenly lifting a most pitiful face and streaming eyes to his. "I'll go to the Cape or anywhere you like, only don't go away and leave me here! It will kill me if you do, it will indeed! I'd rather die a hundred million times than have to stay here without you, and you ought to know it, and I believe you do, and that you are only doing it on purpose, and you needn't, even if it does serve me just right! And I wouldn't do it to you on purpose, if it was ever so, and you know I wouldn't!" cried the ill-used heroine, flinging grammar and coherence recklessly to the winds, and sobbing more and more.

"Dorothy"—he drew back a step from her, and turned paler than his accident had made him—"mind what you say! Do you mean that you will be my wife?"

"Yes, if you want me," Dorothy whispered meekly, apparently finding the breast of his rough gray coat a very comfortable and comforting resting-place, for she sobbed out the rest of her tears there, and was more delightfully ungrammatical and deliciously incoherent than ever.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Escott, waking out of her snug nap about an hour later, was very self-reproachful to think that she had left her patient so long to himself; and, fearing that he must by this time stand in need of refreshment, she procured a good-sized basin of beef-tea, of which decoction he could not, in her opinion, swallow too much, and walked off with it to the library.

But, on coming round the head of the big chair, she was amazed to find her patient no longer there, and, carrying her eyes a little farther in quest of him, was more amazed still.

Now Mrs. Escott had herself fallen in love once upon a time; but it was a long while ago, and she had not preserved a very vivid remembrance of it, or she would not perhaps have looked so very astonished now; for there was really nothing unusual in the picture before her. As it was, the old lady was not only astonished, but really scandalized.

In a general way, Richard was strong enough to hold two or three such slim little creatures as Dorothy, thought Mrs. Escott justly; but at present he had but one available arm, and surely the girl could easily have released herself from his clasp if she had so desired!

But seeing, as she believed, for she really could not feel certain about it in the first shock, her nephew stoop and kiss the face leaning against him, not only as if he had done it before, but would very shortly do it again, and that, in response to this new piece of audacity, Dorothy's shy brown head only nestled down a little closer, it dawned upon the good lady that probably the girl did not get away for the simple reason that she had no desire to do so, and this reflection caused her to ejaculate sharply—

"Well, I'm sure!"

It effectively broke the spell; for, at the sound of the words, the couple at the fire turned round. Richard's eyes were sparkling, Dorothy's had still something like tears in them. But she did not seem particularly anxious to release herself, even now.

"Well, I'm sure!" Mrs. Escott repeated, and then added—"What in the world does this mean?"

"Only that, instead of Dorothy going back to London and I going off to the Cape, we fancy we shall be happier if we stay here together," Richard answered, laughing. "Won't you congratulate us, aunt Janet? You'll have the pair of us to plague you now."

"I was never so astonished in all my life!" cried poor Mrs. Escott. "Why, Dorothy hates you; she has said so scores of times!"

"And, after being consistent so long, she has changed her mind for once. Haven't you, darling?"

"Well"—and Mrs. Escott looked from one face to the other, hardly believing what she saw and heard—"I suppose she has! It certainly looks like it. I'm sure, for my part, I should as soon have dreamt of her marrying the man in the moon!"

"Ah, so should I—yesterday!" returned Richard, with a glance down at Dorothy's blushing face; and with that the two turned to the fire again; and Mrs. Escott, feeling that she evidently was not needed, walked right off, and took the beef-tea with her.

That hour's talk by the fire, though it might not have been particularly instructive or improving to listen to, had set everything right between the lovers.

They were too near to each other now for any mistakes to creep between them, and it would have been a difficult task to find in all Northumberland two happier faces than those on which the bright flames shone.

They had talked of Frank, and been sorry for him—just a little. It was not natural that they should feel very sorry for anything just then, in the first flush of their love and joy, except that they had not tasted their present happiness sooner.

But they had left that subject now, and Dorothy was softly telling her lover of the night when aunt Janet had told her about his father, the very night before the day when she had first seen himself. That recollection made them both laugh.

"How awfully you snubbed me that day, darling!" Richard said, laughing. "Don't you remember?"

"Yes, I know. But then you really had no business there, so far as I knew; and, besides, auntie had seen you the day before, and she took you for a burglar."

"A burglar!" he echoed. "That was why she looked so scared then."

"Yes; she said she was perfectly certain that you were the head of a gang, and looking about for a convenient place to get into the house. And, Dick, do you know, that night I made the groom let the dogs loose."

"That was kind, certainly!" he laughed, then added—"I ought to feel obliged."

"Ah, but then, you see," cried Dorothy eagerly, "I didn't know it was you!"

"Exactly. And, if you had, you would have let the cats loose too, I suppose?"

And Dorothy, though she smiled, did not feel by any means sure that he was not perfectly right.

It was not very long before Frank Ennerdale's disappointment begins to weigh lighter, and, when sunny June brings Dorothy's wedding-day, there is little, if any, feigned brightness in the best-man's face. After the wedding, Frank goes back with his friend Ralph to Bellecotte, and he very soon begins to see that Ralph's eldest sister Lucy is a very charming girl, and always quite ready to talk to and amuse him.

So it is the general opinion that there will be a Mrs. Francis Ennerdale before long, and everybody is pleased at the prospect.

"For Frank is a dear good fellow, though not like Dick, of course," says Dorothy. But then, in Mistress Dorothy's opinion, no one ever was or will be quite that.

[THE END.]

Scientific and Useful.

PAPIER-MACHE.—To make papier-mache for fine small work, boil clippings of brown or white paper in water, beat them into a paste, add glue, or gum, or size, and press into oiled moulds.

POWDERED GLASS.—It is stated that sound and excellent brass castings will result if powdered glass be stirred into melted brass when in the crucibles. The glass flux collects all impurities which otherwise would be poured into the mould with the metal.

FOR CLEANING.—A can of naphtha or benzine, arranged with a closely fitting cover, is a convenience for cleaning screws, bolts, or other small work in a machine shop. A wire-basket makes a good ladle. Work in this way is kept bright and clean, and agreeable to handle.

A NEW SAUCEPAN.—Liquids in pots and pans boiling over sometimes crack hot plates and bars of gas stoves. To remedy this, a device in connection with a saucepan has been introduced. It consists of a channel and spout, which surrounds the pan and, catching the over-boil, pours it into a can attached.

TEMPER FOR TOOLS.—It has been stated that a good temper for cutting tools may be obtained by plunging the tool, heated for hardening, into boiling water, letting it remain there until cold. The tool is to be ready for work without further treatment. The above sounds pretty well, and it will cost nothing to try, even if it prove a failure.

BURIED ALIVE.—An inventive German has devised a coffin for the convenience of those who have a dread of being buried alive. It is provided with a valve, by means of which fresh air is admitted in quantity sufficient to support life, and there is an arrangement of wires, by means of which the least movement of the body sets an electric bell ringing.

THE TELEPHONE AND FEVER.—The speaking telephone has been successfully used in ministering to fever patients without running the risk of infection. A telephone is fixed at the bed of the patient and within reach, so that the patient can talk to friends or visitors in other rooms of the house, or listen to a book read there. The arrangement is found to cheer the tedium of the lonely sick-bed.

A STEAM PILE-DRIVER.—A steam pile-driver of very ingenious design consists of a movable cylinder which acts also as the "monkey" or hammer-head driving the pile; the piston-rod remaining stationary. The steam enters the cylinder by the piston-rod, which is hollow. The device is capable of making thirty strokes a minute, and driving from twenty to thirty-five piles in a day. The cylinder is kept in position by a guide-frame which also steadies the pile.

Farm and Garden.

FLOWER PLOTS.—It has been suggested that if small plots of ground should be attached to public schools, and flowers cultivated, not only would the grounds be made attractive and beautiful, but botany could be made a study as well.

PLASTER.—A mixture of two bushels of ground plaster with thirty bushels of wood ashes is one of the best fertilizers that can be applied to the clover-field, and it should be put on early, being evenly broadcasted. The work should be done on a damp day, and the rains will carry it down. The effects will be noticed during the whole season.

SEED CORN.—Somebody advises that in saving seed corn, the selected ear be neither husked nor separated from the stalk on which it grew, but the stalk and unhusked ear be hung up in a dry place until the planting season shall have come round. The claim has been advanced that seed so kept has greater vitality, and produces more vigorous plants than even that which is husked and afterward dried by fire heat.

A USE FOR WEEDS.—It is desirable to have a clean soil with growing crops, but if no crop be growing it would be better to have weeds grow to be plowed in than to have nothing; weeds of themselves do not do the harm, but with growing crops, or when allowed to seed. If turned in green, they will return to the soil all that has been abstracted from it, and, in addition, all that has been drawn from the atmosphere.

TREES ON THE ROAD.—An important feature of agriculture in Saxony is the planting of fruit trees along public highways. The trees used for this purpose are cherry, plum, apple, and pear. The advantage of this custom is apparent in the early spring, when a country road is often an avenue of blossoms, while the air is filled with sweet perfume. The practical benefit of the system is shown by the fact that the sale of fruit raised in this manner in one province amounted to $25,000 in one year.

QUICKLIME IN EXCAVATIONS.—It is frequently necessary to make excavations for pipes in very cold weather, under which conditions the operation is difficult. The trouble due to frost can only be remedied by thawing out the surface. Quicklime has been tried with success. The surface where the excavation is to begin is covered with alternate layers of lime and snow. The lime becomes slaked and heats the soil so effectually that after ten or fifteen hours it can be dug up with the greatest ease, even where the cold is excessive. Where there is no snow water can be used.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 18, 1888.

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Causes of Failure.

In general we must discover for ourselves examples and causes of failure, making the most of personal observation and experience, and picking up with gratitude the crumbs that biography has dropped in her anxiety to contrast the poverty of failure with the abundance of success. Such a task is by no means light, for in proportion as success, like action, is obvious, and breeds the confidence that keeps it in evidence, so failure, like motive, is often secret and shuns the day.

To trace the growth and cause of failure is even more difficult than to point to examples, for the reason that men do not scruple to take the counsel of Shakspeare's fool: "Let go thy hold when a wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it," though they may thereby incur the censure implied in the condition: "I would have none but knaves follow this advice, since it is a fool that gives it."

When we ask if a man has been successful, we do not expect to be told that he is brave, honest and enlightened. An old picture of "Fortune" represents a woman pouring from a horn gems, crowns, mitres and medals upon crawling reptiles and birds of prey, who in their struggles trample upon the symbols of learning and liberty. Wolves and vultures seize upon crowns; swine take to themselves mitres, and an ass decorates himself with orders.

Milton has told us how "Virtue and Valor and Wisdom" may sit in want. The poet may contend that these qualities, which are at the root of real happiness, are themselves the hall-mark of success.

There may be doubts as to whether the artist here has or has not misrepresented the recipients of Dame Fortune's bounty; but there can be no dispute as to the nature of her gifts.

"What success have you?" is but another form of the question, "How many tokens of success do you keep; how many of those articles which economists call instruments of wealth?" or, in other and more vulgar terms, "How much money have you?"

Gold is the world's standard of success. You may have tumbled out of a garret into a coach. Like the footman enriched by his master's financial robbery, who, instead of stepping into his carriage, mounted to his old station behind, you may retain the marks of your original trade. You may have risen from mediocrity to splendid fortune by honorable or by dishonorable means; that is not the question. Provided you have acted on the principle, "Get riches first; get wealth, and treasure keep," you will, in the eyes of the community, have obtained success.

Happily there are some who adopt another standard, and estimate success not by fine houses, but by the amount of disinterested affection in which a man is held for the good he has done, and even for the evil he has abstained from doing. This departure from the general standard is doubtless sincere, but it is often accompanied with a touch of pitying patronage that takes away much of the consolatory effect.

There is yet another standard, and that is the standard which each man creates for himself—the ideal that shapes our lives and transmutes our worldly failures into conscious successes.

To examine the causes of failure would be to investigate the circumstances and the character of the men whose lives have miscarried. Men are certainly the architects of their own ruin as much as of their success. Vigilance, activity and attention to duty may command success; but there are conditions under which even these qualities may have a hapless fall. It is not every one who, like Cæsar and William the Conqueror, has a talent for making profit out of unfortunate circumstances, or can enrich himself by the mistakes and follies of others, as did Venice when she became the mart of the crusaders who ruined her neighbors.

Dionysius, of Syracuse, inheriting his father's power but not his good fortune, lost an empire; and many a man, through no apparent fault of his own, has seen that deceitful jade, Fortune, turn her back upon his affairs.

The deep-laid schemes of wisdom may come to an evil end while the devices of folly succeed; yet wisdom is better than folly, and diligence is never wholly lost.

Putting aside the element of chance, which often gives that for which we dared not hope, there remain many causes of failure over which men have control. Some men fail by accident, some by nature, some by design, and some by the absence of design. Others, like Napoleon, destroy their success because they know not when to stop. Not a few rely upon past service, forgetting that, like eaten bread, it is soon forgotten.

Pleasure and apparent security of position relax the efforts of thousands, while despair of success freezes the energy of hundreds.

Some have taken from Penelope the habit of undoing one day the threads woven on a previous day. Others, as the Scotch proverb puts it, "Keep their eyes fixed on rainbows, and crack their shins against gravestones."

Some dissipate their energies and abilities in trifles, and are like men sliding down an inclined plane; whereas others, like Apollo's horses under the hand of Phaëton, "Bound and blaze along their devious course magnificently wrong."

Lifeless and passive acquiescence in rules of conduct without the warmth of heart to kindle them into life or the force of will to embody them in action, is the cause of much of the failure which attends the moral teaching of the day. Words may be ever so fitly chosen to convey ideas and convictions, but, if the speaker is not himself inspired with the ideas he inculcates and profoundly impressed with the convictions he attempts to impart, his teaching will be mechanical and its influence will be lost. He cannot give what he has not; nor need he wonder if the many inducements to evil, painted as they are in so attractive a form, and presented by those who are themselves under their fascination, should overcome the feeble hold of commonplace exhortations.

Life can be made much pleasanter by our trying to make the best of everything; and then, when we are able to better ourselves, we are in a condition to enjoy better. It is an impossibility that each and every one of us should be able to secure a place that we might consider as pleasant. Added to this is the fact that much that we see is deceiving, and that, if we fail to find what we are seeking in making a change, we are only breeding discontent instead of bettering ourselves.

We think very little of time present; we anticipate the future, as being too slow, and we recall the past to stay it as too swiftly gone. We are so thoughtless, that we thus wander through the hours which are not here, regardless only of the moment that is actually our own.

People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful measures by furnishing them the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as labor, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature.

Men spend their lives in anticipations, in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other, when they have time. But the present time has one advantage over every other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future are not come. We may lay in a stock of pleasures, as we lay in a stock of wine; but if we defer the tasting of them too long, we shall find that both are soured by age.

The best fruits of the highest and noblest education are not those which dwell in the memory; they are rather manifest in the mental power and the thirst for truth which have been engendered. These are superior to knowledge, for they can at all times command and master it, while no amount of erudition, however vast or varied, can atone for their loss.

It is always better to err on the side of helpfulness than on that of neglect, but only constant study of the individual preferences of others can make our services perfectly acceptable to them. It is necessary, in the exercise of the truest kindliness, not only to weep with those who weep, but to withdraw our attention from those who prefer to be let alone.

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a hero nor a saint.

Real progress consists less in the increase of knowledge than in the increase of vitality with which it is grasped and held—less in the number of moral truisms enjoined than in the moral power which governs the life—less in what is brought to men from without than in what is aroused and developed from within.

When, in your last hour (think of this), all faculty in the broken spirit shall fade away and sink into inanity—imagination, thought, effort, enjoyment; then will the flower of belief, which blossoms even in the night, remain to refresh you with its fragrance in the last darkness.

It is a great mistake to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities and oversights of others.

What we take for virtues is often nothing but an assemblage of different actions, and of different interests, that fortune or our industry know how to arrange; and it is not always from valor and from chastity that men are valiant and that women are chaste.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits; but the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

The heart will commonly govern the head; and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will soon infatuate even the wisest of men; therefore the first part of wisdom is to watch the affections.

Prejudice may be considered as a continual false medium of viewing things; for prejudiced persons not only never speak well, but never think well, of those whom they dislike.

If you suppress the exorbitant love of pleasure and money, idle curiosity, iniquitous pursuits and wanton mirth, what a stillness there would be in the great cities!

If you promise to meet a man or to do a certain thing at a certain moment, honor your engagement.

The World's Happenings.

A Toledo, Ohio, man hunts rabbits with a ferret.

Penny dinners and shaves are very popular in England.

But 12 Indians of a tribe of 1000 are left in the Yosemite Valley.

A minister at Kalamazoo, Mich., preached 3 weeks and got 13 cents.

It is said for consumptives nothing is better than raw or half-cooked snails.

A Georgia lad has died after a lingering illness of blood poison, caused by the use of a brass mouth organ.

Seven engagements were made at a leap-year party at Woodland, Cal., where only 14 couples were present.

During 1887 11½ tons of postage stamps—nearly 170,000,000 in number—were sold at the New York Post Office.

A wagonload of squirrels was sold at Hot Springs, Ark., a few days since, the vender selling them by the bushel.

A pound of the ordinary bronze pennies of the United States is worth $1.67. A pound of nickel 5-cent pieces is $1 55½.

A pair of twins born in Somersetshire, England, recently, were named "Ju" and "Billy," in honor of the Queen's jubilee.

A Texas man is trying to supply the Western market with rattlesnake cravats, a cravat made from the skin of rattlesnake.

There were 2385 recorded murders and homicides in the country during 1887. There were 79 legal executions and 123 lynchings.

The unusual circumstance of one sister and two brothers being married within three days has just occurred at Burgettstown, Pa.

William H. Brown, of New Haven, told a funny story to G. W. Green. Both laughed heartily, and then Brown, with a gasp, fell back dead.

In the Barbers' Convention at Buffalo an unsuccessful effort was made to abolish the striped pole and substitute for it an ordinary sign.

According to a New York paper it was so cold at St. Vincent, Minn., a few days ago, that people kept their hands warm by holding pieces of ice.

John Harvey, whose home is on the Bald Fork of Troublesome, in Kentucky, rides 20 miles to the nearest postoffice every week for his newspaper.

A Maine paper defines a sportsman as one who spends all day away from his business, $2 for powder and shot, and comes home at night tired, hungry and ugly, dragging a 14-cent rabbit by the ears.

A robber got into a farm house in Iowa without disturbing the sleeping people, but a big dog tackled him and tore his throat so that he bled to death. He was identified as a justice of the peace.

Another fellow has attempted to break the whisky drinking record, and with the usual result—death. He belonged in Randleman, N. C., and drank, it is said, considerable more than half a gallon.

An Orlando (Fla.) newspaper man has substituted a pair of sand-hill cranes for watch dogs, and he finds that their loud, clear note of warning when a tramp or a burglar comes near is an effective means of protection.

A man was tried at Muncie last week for disturbing a religious meeting. His offence consisted in reading a newspaper during the services. The court could not see the disturbance, and the defendant was acquitted.

Seven years ago the little son of James Roup, of Reuprille, Ga., got a blade of straw in his ear and was made deaf by it. Recently the straw, two inches in length, worked itself out, and the boy's hearing is restored.

Street car tickets as a medium of exchange have become such a nuisance in Galveston that a large number of merchants have signed an agreement that henceforth they will not receive car tickets as payment for anything of value.

Raspberries, grapes and fresh figs were in the San Francisco market for New Years. So also were green peas, green lima beans, radishes, young onions and salad. They were on sale as staples, not tid-bits, and were grown in the open air.

Several farmers in New Jersey who obligingly attached their signatures to supposed pledges, carried about by sharpers, not to shoot non-game birds, are now undergoing the unpleasant experience of having the papers turn up in the shape of promissory notes.

A Grand Rapids, Mich., man killed 106 English sparrows one day recently, took their heads to the authorities and received a bounty of one cent on each. Then, with $1.06 in his pocket, with which to buy the proper seasoning, he went home and dressed the birds. The next day he and a party of his friends dined on sparrow potpie.

A colored man called on a dentist in Mansfield, Mass., to have a large brass shawl pin extracted from the back of his neck, and was referred to a surgeon, who removed it with some difficulty. The patient, whose condition is pronounced critical, explains that he thrust the pin in his neck "as a cure for ring worms."

Frank Hartley, of Taylor, while taking care of his horses, dropped his big pocketbook from his coat. He picked it up and laid it in the manger until he should have finished his work; but the horse took a liking to it and chewed and swallowed the contents, excepting $20 in gold. Over $100 in greenbacks went down the good steed's throat.

In September last a dispatch from Indiana, Pa., said the wife of ex-Sheriff Montgomery dropped dead while attending to her household duties; in November her husband died as unexpectedly, and a short time ago William Montgomery, their son, fell dead from his chair while waiting in a barber shop to be shaved. He was about to go to the funeral of a cousin who had died suddenly two days before.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY AL— d —,

And shall I wish for thee, sweet friend,
That the rose of beauty fair
Which now is mantled on thy cheek
Shall bloom forever there?

Or wouldst thou rather have me pray
That thou couldst have thy name
In flaming letters written high
Upon the mount of fame?

But I myself would ask for thee
Some boon more lasting fair—
Than brightest joys time fleeting gives
Or earthly treasures rare.

That when life's pilgrimage is o'er
And earthly ties all riven,
I then might hope for thee, dear one,
A brighter home in Heaven.

—St. Luke's Home, Richmond, Va.

Four Evenings.

BY SYLORD.

THE summer sun was about to withdraw his royal bounties for the day, and his subjects were preparing to celebrate his "couchee" with all the pomp and state which attended that of a French monarch of the old regime.

This blaze of splendor shone full upon the whitewashed walls of a long, low house on the cliffs overhanging the sea, turning its windows into blazing jewels, the fuchsias growing against its walls into tips of gleaming fire, and upon the thick brown hair of a girl standing outside the open window, into burnished gold.

She stood watching long after the glory had begun to fade, and only turned, with a start, at the click of the garden gate. Someone had alighted and tied his horse there without her hearing him—a young man of about five and thirty, strong and well built, but with no claim to personal beauty except his keen grey, thick curling hair, and firm, determined mouth, and the look of thorough manliness, in every feature and movement.

She turned to meet him with a beaming smile, and, taking his two hands in hers, cried—

"Oh, how good it is to have you here again! but how did you know father was away?"

He did not answer, and a look of disappointment and annoyance chased the welcoming smile from his face. She did not see the change, but, stepping in at the open window, said—

"I wish you had been ten minutes earlier to see the sunset; but come in now, and we can have a nice chat before father comes home."

"No; Katie; since your father is out I cannot come in. He has forbidden me his house, and I will not enter it without his knowledge and permission. I came to-night hoping to see him, for I can bear this state of things no longer, and we must end it one way or another. Nay, dear, do not look frightened; after all, you are one and twenty, it rests with you. Go in and get a warm shawl, and we will walk the cliff and talk it all over."

A few minutes more and they were walking up and down in the gathering twilight, and he had begun in a low voice—

"The truth is, Katie, I have come to tell you you must give me up altogether or take me altogether. I do not doubt which it will be, little woman, and I hope when your father finds you will act for yourself he will cease to oppose us. This unsettled state of things is good for none of us, and I cannot consent to see you, as it were, by stealth any longer, even to please you. I am not a black sheep, and I will not be treated as one. If I could not take you at once to a home as good as you have here there would be some excuse for Captain Leslie. But there is no use going over all the old story again; for your sake and my own, I am here to end it. So tell me, darling, will you come and be my wife, or will you send me away for ever?"

He ended with a smile, and held her hands firmly in his while he looked confidently for her answer; but that answer did not come.

"Why, it cannot be hard to answer me yes or no," he pleaded. "Come, dear, say 'yes,' and we will fix our wedding-day, and all our troubles will be over; or 'no,' and I will ride away with 'adieu for evermore,' like the hero of the 'Weary Lot.'"

"I wish you would not joke, Tom, about such a subject."

"Indeed, dear, I never was more in earnest."

"But you must be joking. There can be no reason to make up our minds all at once."

"All at once, indeed! Fancy telling a fellow not to make up his mind 'all at once, after you have kept him waiting two whole years. That is rather too bad, Katie."

"But why can we not wait? Father must give in some time, and meanwhile we are very happy."

"I am glad you can think so. Your happiness is easily made if seeing me once or twice a week by chance or by stealth can make it."

"Now, you are getting cross, that shows we have had quite enough of this 'serious discussion.' You need not spoil the little time we have together. If you will not come into the house, come and see the tree I gather your roses from."

"No, we have not had enough. If you are not in earnest, I am. Once more, dear, you must decide. I have meant to tell you so ever since your last birthday, but to-day a legacy from 'a grateful patient' has made me rich enough to buy and furnish your favorite 'Homecroft' for your home, and this has decided me."

"Then I wish your 'grateful patient' had lived to show his gratitude some other way, and you had let things go on comfortably as they were."

"Comfortably! Really I envy you your philosophy! Most girls who profess to love a man, would want to see him oftener than once a week; and would prefer his being treated by their own people as a gentleman and not as a thief. Perhaps it would add to the romance and charm of the situation if I climbed in at the pantry window, and your father found me and kicked me out. Shall I try?"

"Now, Tom, dear, do not be so cruel and unkind. You know I love you, and you know if it were not for leaving poor papa alone, I would go to the world's end with you."

"I know, Katie, that you can make fine protestations, but that when it comes to a simple proof of your love, you refuse me even a straightforward answer. Your father alone, indeed! your presence is rather a check than a help to his happiness; and if you would marry old Sir Vincent and his money and his title, you know he would rejoice to see you go to-morrow!"

"You are very unkind to keep teasing me in this way. I told you the other day I had refused Sir Vincent again, and if you love me, as you say you do, surely you might trust me."

"Love you and trust you! what have I been doing all these weary months? and what do you think keeps me to rust in this dull country place, but my respect for your wish to settle near Captain Leslie. But I must go, I have to see a patient in Moorby at nine. So tell me, dear, am I to be rewarded for my patience by a sweet little wife, or do you not love me well enough to brave a little trouble to come to me? Answer me simply, yes or no?"

"It is very cruel of you to put it in this way. There is no need to come to such a final decision to-night. You know the French proverb, 'All comes to the man who knows how to wait.'"

"Yes, and I know that like all proverbs it tells a half-truth. While a man is learning to wait, his heart's desire may turn from a living joy to a dead corpse; or, worse still, he may so stunt his nature in the repression necessary to such a waiting, that when the time at last brings his treasure to his feet, he has no longing left for it, no heart and soul to welcome it. But you are drawing me off again into idle talk. Once more, do you love me enough to be my wife?"

"You know I love you."

"Well?"

"I will tell you in a week."

"Then you will not say yes, or answer me at all! perhaps you may find decision enough to say 'good-bye.' You will not see me again. I have no reason to linger in a dull country town, with its people's sympathy for a jilted man to add to its other charms."

"What do you mean? You cannot mean to desert all the people who have learned to rely upon and trust you!"

"If you decline to share my future, I need not trouble you to comment on it."

For one instant the impulse was strong in Kate's mind to yield; but angry words had been spoken, and she did not realize, even now, how thoroughly in earnest her lover was.

He had waited, apparently, so patiently those last two years, and she had a girl's confidence that "something" must soon happen to put things right, without her taking the decided step of marrying without her father's permission.

"I did not decline to share your future," she said, "I only asked for time to decide."

"And I said you must take me or leave me now, I have been your toy long enough. The part of rival to a rich suitor may be pleasing and romantic in the eyes of foolish boys and girls, to a man in earnest it is a most trying one. Good-bye, then, and God bless and forgive you."

He turned as their hands parted. In the deep twilight, neither could see the longing on the other's face; and their pride, roused by the angry words they had used, held them apart.

She stood still and stunned, not realizing what had happened, and expecting him to turn at every step; and he walked slowly to his horse and unloosed it, expecting every moment to hear her voice call him back.

So each waited for the other to begin the reconciliation, and the golden moments passed unused.

So he mounted and rode off, and she saw him meet her father, and, for the first time for months, that they stopped and spoke.

Then turned with a shiver to think how cold it was, and how dull and grey and wretched the world looked to what it did an hour before.

But the sun would come back and wake it all to warmth and color; and surely her sun would return too. The light could not have gone from her life for ever.

Still it was with a shiver that she crept in past the closed fuchsias and heard her father's voice from behind, calling—

"So your fine young lover has thrown you over after all. Perhaps you will know better than to set your judgment up against mine in future."

* * * * * *

Again the sun was setting opposite the cliffs, and the sea and the long white house.

But to night he was going with no pomp and glory. Hours ago he had vanished behind a bank of grey clouds and left the leaden sky, and sea, and the drifting scuds of mist and rain to work their own will, and learn his value by his absence.

The window through which Kate Leslie had come to meet her lover on that bright summer evening was closed, and she was sitting inside the room, the gold faded from her hair and the light from her eyes. She looked sadly desolate and dreary, alone in her heavy black dress, and after sitting idly for an hour with a wondering sorrow in her beautiful eyes, she turned and drew her desk and two letters towards her.

The letters must be answered though she cared but little how.

Her father had been dead a month, had died suddenly, and she could not go on alone.

How strange it all seemed; had she known six weeks ago that dreadful quarrel need never have been; and she would not have been sitting alone and unloved to torment herself with the doubt whether she had done right in sending her lover away.

She thought not, now, poor girl and added to the misery of her own lot by picturing his as well; and could only think of him with the sad face which he turned on her as he said that last good-bye.

And yet, if she had been wrong he need not have been so hard, so unforgiving. She forgot, or did not know, that the one sin a man cannot forgive or overlook in the woman he loves, is the putting any other claim before his own.

Surely, she thought, he might have come back, or written, or even stayed near, that she might have had the opportunity of changing her decision.

Why had he been so hasty? Now she knew she had really to choose between him and life; and sending him away to endure this miserable existence, her pride was dead, and she would have called him back.

But he had gone; had left two days after they parted, and no one, not even the young man he had sent to take his place, knew where. And her father was gone too; and her sacrifice was for naught.

Her wretchedness seemed greater than she could bear, and she thought how gladly she, too, would have died, since all that made life worth living was gone; but this was an idle wish.

Long years stretched before her in seemingly endless monotony of misery, before she could hope to lay her burden down; and, meantime, she must choose her path over their weary length.

The choice, at present, was not a wide one, and lay in the two letters before her: one a repetition of Sir Vincent Bertram's proposal; the other a formal offer of a home from an old aunt of her dead mother's.

She shivered as she took up the first and read it again; and then, for a few minutes, a terrible temptation came to her—came, at first, in the shape of self-sacrifice. If old Sir Vincent really loved and longed for her, as he said he did, ought she not to satisfy him?

Nobody else wanted her, her old aunt did not even pretend to; and surely it must be right to make one person happy in all this world of misery. He had been very good to her, and, after all, it would be pleasanter and better to be mistress of his large house, a rich petted wife with plenty of duties, and friends, and pleasures, than to be the patient unwelcome companion of her eccentric old aunt.

So she took up her pen to accept his offer; but stopped to arrange her acceptance in words.

It was no easy task, and with it came the remembrance of how her hand lagged behind her thoughts two years ago, when she had sent an answer to the same question asked by the clever young doctor who had then come to the neighborhood, to help an old friend of his father's, whose failing health was rendering him unfit for his professional work.

No! she could not do this thing; the temptation had passed, and she turned sick and faint at the thought of how nearly she had sealed her own fate.

While she was free there was still the hope that he might come back—that he was only trying her; or that he might hear of her father's death and forgive her, and come back to her in her loneliness.

At least, while her soul was merged into love for him, as she knew since that wretched parting that it was, how could she marry another man?

So the letters were answered, and it was the one to her aunt which was an acceptance; and then her weary head went down on her hands, and she sobbed like a tired child, and presently fell asleep, and dreamt that Tom stood beside her and told her he knew all, and had come to fetch her, for that he, too, could not live alone.

It was almost dark when she woke with a start and shiver to find herself alone, for the old servant had not liked to disturb her, and she got up and went to the window.

A storm was coming on, and the sea was raging and chafing itself into a mass of white foam; while the rain came in swift, hurrying gusts against the window, and the moon and a few brave stars tried to shine through the reefs of black cloud and show that there was light and hope left in spite of the confusion and darkness below.

* * * * * *

Six years have come and gone, and it is hardly possible to recognize Kate Leslie, the bright, enthusiastic girl, in the stately, handsome woman who is standing at the window of a private room in a London hotel.

She is listening listlessly to the querulous talk of a stiff, angular old lady sitting in an armchair near the fire.

The window looks on a town churchyard with drearily respectable houses round it, and the lamplighter is briskly lighting one feeble yellow flame after another to do hopeless battle with the thick November air. Kate idly wonders how any man can put so much energy into such useless work, when her aunt's voice interrupts her again—

"No, Katharine, I am sure I was right; it is nothing but a fool's errand coming to this wretched place to be looked at by a man who knows no more about eyes than I do myself. I believe Dr. Moore only brought me that he might have a journey to London at my expense! Why, he did not even know the name of the man I was going to see. I wish I was safely back by my own fireside, and that reminds me. Just sit down and write that letter for me to the Society for the Prevention of Animals."

"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals if you like. How you do quibble about words."

"And what am I to say, aunt?" answered Kate, giving up all hope of her case.

"Say! Am I to find you words and eyes too? I only heard the brute lash and swear; but you must have seen it all. I would like to see those men treated as they treat the poor brutes they have in their power! I wonder how he would like to be put between two shafts and flogged and sworn at, and made to draw a weight which he had not strength for? Oh! they want a taste of the lash themselves—the only way to reach them is through their skins."

"I don't think this man really hit his horse once, aunt, and it certainly did not look overworked; and there is some excuse when they do. They must make their horses go, and are so accustomed to hardship themselves that their feelings are not keen for others or themselves. I often think——"

"I do not want to know what you think —some nonsense, no doubt. And I wish you would get out of that habit of inventing excuses for every sort of wickedness. I believe you would find something to say for the demon himself. Perhaps, meantime, you will oblige me by writing what I think. I should be glad, after all, to get back the use of my eyes, that I might be less dependent on your caprices."

A weary little sigh was all the answer as Kate sat down and took up a pen.

"But, aunt, there is a practical difficulty. How are we to identify the cabman? We ought to know his name or number."

"Don't tell me what I ought to do; and since you are determined not to write the letter for me, do not sit there making that pretence."

For half an hour they were silent, then Mrs. Danecourt began again—

"What time did he say he would bring that man here?"

"He did not say; he said he wanted to make sure which was quite the best man for you to see for your form of complaint, and that when he had ascertained this from his medical friends, there might be a little delay before he could bring him here. It is very trying for you to wait, but you know Dr. Moore said it would take longer and cost much more if he had to bring an oculist to you instead of your going to his consulting rooms, as people usually do."

"Don't pretend that he cared to save my money. If he cared for that he would not have brought me here; and, please, spare me suggestions founded on your modern notions of propriety. In my day, the doctor waited on the lady, not the lady on the doctor. But it is all of a piece, and serves me right for consenting to come to this wicked Babylon to begin a fight against Providence! Thank God, I can see a little yet, and I will go home without waiting to have the sight He has left me hacked away in an impious attempt to defy Him."

"Oh, aunt, sit down again, and at least wait to hear what they say. It is disease, not God, that doctors fight against."

Here a knock at the door interrupted them, and Kate turned to say "Come in," her heart full of sympathy for the suffering woman so soon to know her fate, and she nerved herself to stand by and help and comfort her through the coming trial.

She needed all her strength and courage; for the face of the man who followed Dr. Moore was no strange one.

For one moment, the room seemed to swim round her, and she saw that one face in a mist, and only saved herself from falling by clutching the chair by which she stood; but it was only for a moment, and then she steadied herself to greet her old lover as a stranger, and to bow in return to Dr. Moore's introduction—"Miss Leslie"—"Dr. Arthur"—and to take her place by her aunt, and mechanically answer questions and listen to what followed. But all through the preliminary talk, and the examination which followed, she felt it was some strange dream.

This could not be a real meeting after all those years of longing and dying hope and despair; and, more unreal than all, he had not shown even by look or glance that he recognised her.

Presently, the strange little act was over. Kate felt rather than knew that they were going.

Would he leave her in this way? Perhaps she was so changed he did not know her; or perhaps that past, which lived so terribly for her, was all dead and forgotten to him.

Dr. Moore was saying "Good-bye," and arranging another meeting, and he was agreeing, and coolly discussing professional details.

No! he was not going to remember her; and with a strong fierce effort of self-mastery, she bid them good-day, and saw the door close, and set herself to make clear to her aunt the hope they had given.

In a few minutes a servant entered and gave her "Dr. Arthur's" card, with a few words pencilled on the back—

"Will you kindly speak to me in a room below? T. A."

She arose to obey the summons, feeling that she had known all the while that it would come; and yet, after all, perhaps, it was only about her aunt's case that he wanted to see her; so telling Mrs. Danecourt of the message, and that she would only be away a few minutes, she followed the servant who was waiting for her.

A few seconds more and she was standing by her old lover, her hands clasped in his, her eyes looking into his, as she had done on that far-away summer evening; all the past, with its need of explanation, all the uncertain future, forgotten.

There are some minutes so precious, so perfect, that they are worth a life of sorrow.

The joy they hold is so pure and complete that they annihilate time, as we count it, and this was one.

She did not know what his life had been since they met; whether even he was still unmarried; or why he had so cruelly taken her at her word. She only felt that his hands held hers again in the old firm clasp, and that his eyes looked into hers with all the old love and tenderness. But the happy pause could not last for ever; and at last he spoke—

"Miss Leslie, Katie, forgive my asking you to come to me. I could not trust myself to speak to you before strangers. And we have so much to hear and tell. Until I saw you upstairs, I have thought of you all these years as the wife of Sir Vincent; and now that it is too late, I have found you my own dear girl still."

"But how could you have thought of me as his wife, when you knew—" Katie began, and then the full meaning of his words dawning on her, and the light dying from her face. "But you said too late, what can you mean?"

"Sit down, darling, and I will try to tell you."

Quarter of an hour, and it was all told. How when he left her after that hapless quarrel, divided between anger at her hesitation and admiration at her firmness to what she thought her duty, he had been on the point of turning back when he met her father, who, more excited and stormy than usual after a long sitting over his wine, had stopped and charged him with skulking about his house in his absence.

How he had indignantly denied the charge, and stated his true reason for going; adding that, as Kate herself had sent him away, Captain Leslie would never hear of his suit again; and her father had retorted that this was of little consequence, as she had decided to accept a more eligible suitor.

How he had understood the words more literally than they could have been meant; and the bitter thought had poisoned his whole mind, and cast a false light on her late refusal of him; and he had left Moorby the night after.

How he had gone abroad at first; and after some years of travel and study, had become weary of wandering and longed for England and some certain news of her. How he had come to London and taken up the branch of his profession which he had always preferred, and met with unexpected success.

How, when he saw the names of Sir Vincent and Lady Bertram in county and London papers, he had always pictured her by the side of the Baronet; (not knowing how, wearied of his suit by her fourth refusal, her ancient swain had quickly sought and found another bride.)

How he had lived since he came to London in the house of the friend who had induced him to settle there, and whose influence had procured him the appointment which had decided his return to England. And how, at last, made welcome and happy in the friend's house, and believing Kate hopelessly lost to him, he had, one short week ago, become engaged to that friend's sister.

Poor Katie! She had not tasted happiness and hope for so long.

And now they had been held to her lips to be snatched ruthlessly away; harder still, she had herself to find strength to push them from her, for when at last she cried:

"Then God help us both, for, oh since it is too late, why, why have I seen you at all?"

His answer came in the shape of a new temptation.

"But it must not be too late, dear. I cannot let you go again. Alice must know all. She is a fresh bright young girl whom I have known from a baby, and I believe our engagement was more her brother's wish than her own. It would be double treachery to marry her, knowing you were free, and that my whole being yearned for you. She will soon get over it; but for us, you know what your sending me away has cost us once, and you shall not do it again."

He was kneeling by her now, his arms round her, and for a moment she almost yielded. Was it not all true that he said? Her over-strained sense of duty had cost them enough once; and why should she, whose whole world he was, send him away for the sake of this young girl who lived in an atmosphere of love. She would be passive and let him have his will.

He did not speak again, he thought she was yielding, and left her own love to plead for him.

But suddenly the thought of how he could tell that other girl flashed through her mind.

Did she not love him, too? How could she take her joy and happiness knowing it flourished on the ruins of another life?

"Answer me truly, Tom," she said. "Does she love you herself, or has it been just a family arrangement?"

She knew by the pause what was coming; and got up hastily, fearing to trust herself longer.

"Then I ought not to be here talking to you," she said. "It is very hard, but there is a fate against us. She must be good and worthy, or you would not have engaged yourself to her; and, please God, you will be happy yet. Excuse me, I cannot leave my aunt longer."

And, without another word, she was gone.

So the night fell on an aching heart lonely, absolutely lonely, in the midst of the great city, and smarting with a pain that seemed intolerable.

For in the first hours after a great self-sacrifice, it seemed but a poor consolation to know that one has done one's duty. It may be a clear duty to pluck out one's eye or cut off one's right hand; but this would not stop the keen human anguish of torn nerves and throbbing flesh, nor leave us aught but a maimed crippled existence for the rest of our days on earth; however high the courage and exalted the self-sacrifice with which the deed was done.

So poor Kate struggled through those next few days, hardly daring to think; but straining every nerve to live through her outside life without palpable breakdown, whilst she held back the regret, and anguish and bitter repining which threatened to wreck her very reason, when once they were allowed their course.

Through those three days she never saw her lost lover alone, avoiding every chance of speaking to him, except in the presence of her aunt and Doctor Moore; though on the last day when they were parting, and he was arranging when to follow there for the operation which had been decided on, her courage almost failed as she looked at his worn, tired face, and read there the story of days as sorrowful and nights as restless as her own.

Then, in the hopeless days that followed, that old tormenting question kept asserting itself and adding tenfold to the bitterness of her sorrow—"Had she done right?" "Was it for a real, or a self-made duty," she had brought all this sorrow on herself and him?

She was learning the hardest of life's lessons, that it is not the will to do right which we need; for the thread which should guide us through the labyrinth of life is so strangely crossed by other ones like itself, and often so tangled and confused, that, willing as we may be to tread unflinchingly along the path where it leads, our clumsy fingers and dim sight may but too easily lead us on the wrong track; and we may find, too late, that we have erred and fallen, and misled our dear ones, for want of the keener sight, the unerring instinct, which has borne others safely past the same perplexities.

* * * * * *

Christmas has come—come, as it loves to do now, with mud and rain and fog, instead of the iced sunshine and sparkling snow, which the traditions of our ancestors represent as its invariable accompaniments.

Mrs. Danecourt's sight was improving under her new treatment, and, in spite of querulous complaints, she was looking forward eagerly to the operation.

Kate Leslie dreaded it; she knew that even the formal meeting with Dr. Arthur which it entailed, would be a terrible trial to her strength, and she felt that strength failing; and knew how constantly-repressed grief was eating it away.

Sometimes she was almost thankful that her aunt's once keen eyes could not perceive the white lips and sunken cheeks which told her tale of sorrow, bravely as she tried to thrust it down, and dreaded the time when her appearance and altered looks should again be the subject of hourly comment.

It was the old doubt which was so cruel, the old wonder "had she done right?" and "what if for no sufficient cause she had brought this misery on herself and him? Suppose the girl who was reigning in her place did not value the treasure she had resigned to her!"

Surely a "sorrow's crown of sorrow" is not so much "remembering better things as feeling that, by our blunders or our sins, we have brought sorrow and suffering on those we love.

And the tragedy of Mother Eve's fate in the old Bible story does not lie in the memory of the lost Paradise, but in the fact that she daily witnessed the ruin she had brought on her husband, and the darkened, troubled existence to which her folly had condemned her children.

It was Christmas Eve, and Kate had been at the church helping to wreathe the damp evergreens and shape the glorious words which tell the everlasting story of "good news and peace."

Poor girl! it seemed an empty mockery to her, hard as she strove to feel their message; and that to her, even, peace must come some day, if it was not till she reached the land "where the weary are at rest."

Wearied at last with the aimless flirtations of the curate and his "chorus of maidens," and with the attentions bestowed upon herself by the widowed Rector, she left to superintend the arrangements at home.

Christ's birthday must not rise quite unwelcomed even there, though it was with quivering fingers she twisted the yew, and holly, and bay in its honor.

It was the saddest Christmas she had ever known, and she thought of the last Christmas-Day as almost a happy day in comparison, and wondered how she had put the energy and spirit she had into the old people's feast, and the school-children's games.

Surely trouble was hardening her; for that one moment's happiness, and the bitter revulsion that followed, had robbed all smaller comforts, all ordinary occupations, of their interest.

Damp and tired she reached home, and, dreading her aunt's incessant chatter, and dreading still more to sit and think, called the gardener at once, and began the work she had planned for herself.

It was a sorry mockery of rejoicing, indeed. She had forgotten her damp cloak, and stood with its long grey folds hanging from her shoulders, as she pushed it back while she twined the shining laurel and gleaming berries in the oak balustrades, and round the picture frames which held her aunt's grim old ancestors.

The cross, rheumatic old man, who was Mrs. Danecourt's favorite servant, stood by, holding up the candle to light her, and bringing out her white, almost haggard, profile in clear distinctness against the dark background.

She had just come to a picture which was a contrast to the majority of those which hung round the old hall—the portrait of a child with the sunshine of dead summers for ever tangled in her shining hair, and the light of forgotten love beaming from her merry eyes.

Kate wondered idly how long the nameless little one had lived in this hard world before her love became a sword to pierce her own heart, or whether she had grown up to crush and destroy the hearts of those who loved her; and then, as the bitterness of her own thoughts startled her better nature, shuddered, as she felt how empty forms of rejoicing are when their soul has fled; and remembered a ghastly story she had read of a withered dying old Beauty who made her servants promise to deck her body, when her soul had fled, with the ornaments and diamonds she had worn in the days of her lost youth.

She was so absorbed by the morbid picture her overwrought fancy drew, that she did not hear, or heed, when a knock came at the front door.

Whoever came, it made no difference to her. But she started and almost fell from the steps on which she was mounted, when she heard the only voice in the world which had power to move her, ask—

"Can I see Miss Leslie?"

In a minute she was down, had taken the candle from old Andrew, and without a word of conventional greeting, had signed to Dr. Arthur to follow her into the great dark disused dining-room.

Then, safe from the eyes of the two sympathizing old servants, before whom she dreaded to have any scene, and setting down her light, she turned and faced him with clasped hands, and the sharpness of her misery sounding in her voice, she cried—

"Oh! why could you not leave me alone? It is cruel to come tempting me, and to make me say it again and again!"

"My own darling," the answer came quickly in an earnest confident voice, "I have come because you need never say it again. I am free, as free as you are, and if you love me at all, after all the sorrow and suffering I have so unknowingly caused you, I need never leave you again."

She looked up, puzzled and scared. It could not be that happiness had come to her, even her! Surely the pitiless fate which was for ever giving her glimpses of paradise, and then bidding her close the gate with her own hand and turn away, was pursuing her still.

"Alice knows all," he went on, "though I did what I knew you wished, and tried my hardest to hide it from her. She said I had grown dull and stupid, and guessed there was something wrong. For a long time I refused to tell her; but at last she insisted so often that I gave way. If I had cared for any love of yours, it would have been a blow to my vanity. She listened like a child to an interesting story, and when I had finished, exclaimed with a merry laugh:

"'You poor old things, it is well that you tell me in time. I have another lover, just breaking his heart for me, whom I like quite as well, or even better, than you; and as my rival is nearly thirty, I don't suppose she has anything of the sort in reserve; so, you see, now the grand secret, over which you have been making such a long face, is out, we can just make four people happy instead of two."

"So, you see, dear, no one has a shadow of a claim on either of us now, and" (with a tremble in his deep voice) "for God's sake don't invent anything else to part us. I feel wild with anger now when I think for what a slight love and shallow nature I let you sacrifice us both two months ago; and yet, I suppose I must not grudge those last weeks of misery, for I know you never would have been happy had you not been certain that no one else's happiness had been ruined to build up yours." For a long time Kate could not speak, could not answer the words of love and tenderness which fell on her startled senses; then at last, as she began to realize that happiness had indeed come home to her, too, at last, it was not an answer which her lips framed first, but a cry of relief from the long, long tension.

"Oh, Tom, what a weary life-time it is since we first learned to love one another by the cliffs and the sea at home. It seems another life and another world that held those bright days and those happy young lovers, who talked over and planned their future so confidently."

"God helping me, darling," his answer came, low and firm, "I can soon teach you to be happy again; and your future shall shine only the more brightly for the darkness through which you have walked alone so bravely and so unflinchingly."

* * * * * *

But it was not till she was alone, and the first notes of the bells which told through the mist the old old story of peace and joy, fell on her sympathising ears, that Kate quite grasped the idea of her changed lot; and then as her whole soul rose in unison with the chimes in glad thanksgiving, it was not the least part of her joy to know that the path which had, at last, led to happiness wound over no crushed hearts, no neglected duties.

The Flower Girl.

BY OLIVE BELL.

CECILE BRANDON was an heiress. She was a beauty too—tall, statuesque, with a pale, perfect face, large dark blue eyes, and great masses of silken hair, that looked like burnished gold in the sunshine. Suitors she had by the dozen, but Miss Brandon kept them all at a respectful distance, by a certain air of quiet loftiness, that told better than words.

Her aunt, Mrs. Arthurs, was in despair. Cecile was a very gentle docile girl in some things, but she obstinately refused to marry for money, or be married for the same golden charm.

She was a capital judge of human nature, and somehow she always detected a false ring in the lovemaking of her admirers. Perhaps it was intuition, perhaps it was instinct, sharpened by a determination to be wooed for herself, that helped Cecile to a just conclusion, but to her aunt's dismay, she rarely missed her mark, and she was forced to acknowledge that Cecile was not a girl to be duped by fortune hunters.

"I wish you were not so hard to please, Cecil," said Mrs. Arthurs, one glowing morning when the September sunshine flooded the hills like mellow gold. "Here, another season is almost over, and you are not even engaged."

The lupassive young beauty was half-reclining on a huge rock, her golden head laid back against a boulder, her calm blue eyes fixed on the sea. Before her lay the wide expanse of blue water, its silence broken by never ceaseless sobbing; behind her, she could hear the restless hum of hotel life, the rumble of many wheels over the white sands, the ripple of low laughter, and all the manifold sounds that break the stillness of a summer morning at a fashionable summer resort.

Cecile suppressed a yawn, and settled her head more easily on its hard resting place.

"Don't be vexed, aunty; I cannot help it."

"You cannot," exclaimed her Aunt Judith, her plump cheeks flushing with indignation. "Why you have refused several good offers this season. You could have helped that, I suppose."

"I suppose so," was Cecile's lazy reply.

"Cecile," burst out her aunt, "have you no heart? Do you never intend to marry?"

"I do not know—if I could get the right man, I suppose I would," said Cecile, lifting her head, and heaving a little dissatisfied sigh. "Everybody wants my money."

"Nonsense! One would think to hear you, you had no personal charms at all. Why, your face is a fortune in itself," exclaimed Mrs. Arthurs, with an admiring glance at the lovely girl.

The "face" flushed guiltily, for Cecile was womanly enough to know she was handsome. But she had no faith in the professions of the men that angled for her regard—in fact, that sublime, but indescribable feeling called love, had never found a lodgment in her heart, and in consequence her opinions of the other sex were a little jaundiced by distrust.

"If I could think that any man would love me for my face alone, I would marry him," said Cecile slowly, her eyes growing dark and troubled.

"There's Thomson Phelps—loves you for yourself," ventured Mrs. Arthurs, "for I have watched him feasting his eyes on you."

Cecile gave a little mirthful laugh.

"On my diamonds and rich toilets, aunty. If I was clothed in rags, he would not take the second glance at me."

"Try him," said Mrs. Arthurs; "Thomson is a better man than you take him for. He belongs to a good family, has plenty of money."

"I was told the other day that he was hopelessly in debt," interrupted Cecile.

"Nonsense! Why the family wealth was fabulous. He is a handsome, well-bred man, Cecile, and I am heartily sorry that you cannot care for him."

A dreamy look came into the blue eyes. If she could be sure of him! For to tell the truth, Cecile cared a little, a very little, for the handsome man, who had nothing but the tenderest words for her. Her coldness had chilled him often, but he still followed her like a shadow. A sudden thought took possession of her brain.

"Aunt Judith," she exclaimed suddenly, sitting erect, a beautiful flush on her face, "may I do a little masquerading?"

"What!" snapped Aunt Judith, her eyes flashing.

Cecile laughed merrily.

"May I dress myself like one of those German flower girls that come up from the Dutch settlements and go down to Darrel's to sell flowers?"

"Cecile!" Mrs. Arthurs lifted her hands in dismay, for "Darrel's" was a small suburban hotel, a mile or two out from the beach, the resort of all the fast and sporting men around the watering place. "Do you want to disgrace yourself for life!"

"No fear of that!" Cecile laughed at her aunt's amazement, then stooped down and kissed her on the cheek. "I will not disgrace myself. My own mother would not see through my disguise, and I will find out what a handsome face in poor clothes is thought of."

Mrs. Arthurs argued, protested and threatened. Cecile was invincible, for the idea had taken complete possession of her, and the novelty of the undertaking had captivated her fancy. Cecile had never been poor. Born and reared in luxury she knew nothing of the many ills, discomforts and trials, that want of money, bring so many of her fellow-creatures.

The flower girls that now and again strayed down to the hotels belonged to the poorest class of people, yet Cecile envied them their poverty, because they were free from the homage that wealth had brought her. She had noticed many handsome faces among them, and she noticed also that while some faces excited a passing remark of admiration, none of the modest young girls were ever stared at and tormented as she had been since she entered society.

"It's just the money and dress and style," she said to Mrs. Arthurs, "and you will see that it is, after I make the experiment. Half a million, will cover many imperfections, and make the plainest face passable."

"Perhaps so," plaintively assented Mrs. Arthurs. "But I would be sorry to think your dead uncle saw nothing in me to admire but money."

Cecile went in search of a flower-girl she had noticed on the beach that morning. "Katrina" was found after a patient search, and pressed into Cecile's service. Cecile was as full of fun as a cricket; in fact, her buoyancy of spirits was all that saved her from the fate of a misanthrope.

She went into her plan with a zest that astonished her aunt, and when she appeared, dressed for her adventure, Mrs. Arthurs was too much amazed for words. For the quaint dress—the short blue muslin skirt, and tight-fitting bodice, the low shoes and cotton stockings, with the wide-brimmed hat, with its wreath of field daisies, changed Cecile wonderfully.

Her beautiful hair was tucked out of sight beneath a coarse black net, and her dainty hands were concealed by cotton mitts. Her basket of coarse straw was laden with fragrant flowers, her own favorites, heliotrope and purple pansies, peeping out from among masses of dewy green leaves.

"Are they not lovely, Aunty;" laughed Cecile, "and don't I make a jewel of a flower girl?"

"You do, indeed," said Mrs. Arthurs, with a smile; "you are charming in that odd dress. But your voice, Cecile—they will recognize your voice."

"I am a mute from this hour," said Cecile, with a merry laugh. "Good-bye, aunty, for we have a long walk before us. Come, Katrina."

They eluded the loungers on the piazzas, and struck into a path that led out to a strip of woodland. Here a narrow drive led directly to Darrell's. The road was cool and shaded, and Cecile enjoyed the walk. When a phaeton or drag passed them, she kept well under the shadow of the trees, secretly amused at the curious glances of her friends.

Growing weary, Cecile and Katrina seated themselves under a huge elm to rest. A fancy span of horses were coming down the level sandy road, and Cecile saw, with a slight tremor of fear, that it was Thomson Phelps' stylish team.

As they drove nearer, Cecile saw he was accompanied by a grave, dark-eyed gentleman whom she had never seen before. His face was bronzed with the sun, and black rings of hair clustered about his temples.

He had a frank, favorable face, Cecile thought, very different from Thomson Phelps' blonde, but rather effeminate face. Phelps was a handsome, rather languid man, but there was more quiet strength and manliness in his companion's face.

"Ho, Katrina," cried Thomson Phelps, as he drew rein before her, "you have fresh flowers, I see!"

"Yes, sir," modestly replied Katrina, holding both baskets up for his inspection.

"How much of this basket?" said Phelps, picking up an exquisite bouquet of pansies, tiny fern fronds, and heliotrope.

"They are Roxanna's," said Katrina humbly; "she is a mute. Fifteen pence, sir."

"I must have them, if they are as many dollars," laughed Phelps. "They are for Cecile—she fairly idolizes such trash. Must humor her though, for it will take half her fortune to clear my debts off."

(All this, to his companion, as Phelps was drawing out his pocketbook.) "When you get her," was the dark gentleman's dry response.

"Oh, I'll get her. Her aunt is on my side, and I'm sure to win the prize. Don't care a fig for the girl, but the money—whew! I could'nt let that slip through my fingers."

"You are a contemptible puppy, Phelps," said his friend, as they drove away.

"Pooh! it's the way of the world," laughed Phelps. "I say, Mannington," with a backward glance at Roxanna, "what a face that mute has! What a beauty she would be if she was trigged out in the divine Brandon's finery."

"Beauty is beauty, whether found in rags or fine linen," said Mannington; "and that girl's face is no ordinary one."

Cecile, who had heard every word of the conversation, flushed a lovely carmine as the stranger's respectful dark eyes met hers.

"Come, Katrina," she said with a contented smile, as they drove out of sight. "Let us go back to the hotel; I have heard enough; he is another whited sepulchre."

They walked slowly back to the hotel, Cecile making Katrina a handsome present for her efficient aid.

"He is just what I thought he was," sighed Cecile, as she threw herself into a low chair in Mrs. Arthurs' dressing-room. "A fortune-hunter. I am glad I had no love for him."

Mrs. Arthurs made no reply, but she secretly wondered if Cecile would ever have love for any man.

That evening Cecile dressed herself with unusual care. Something white, and soft, and misty fell about her in graceful folds. She wore no ornaments, save violets, as blue as her eyes, and her golden hair was dressed in some charming fashion that showed the perfect contour of the lovely face. Her eyes glanced wistfully around the parlors as she went through them, and there was a new, half-expectant expression on her face.

"Ah! Miss Brandon," said a seductive voice at her elbow, "see what charming flowers I have brought you."

Cecile turned to meet Thomson Phelps, who stood in a curtained alcove.

"Oh, I did not know this window-seat was occupied," she said, with icy gravity, glancing down at the pansies he held towards her; "they are lovely flowers, indeed!"

She did not offer to touch them, and he grew a little anxious.

"Will you take them, Miss Brandon?" No one was near them, and he went on, a trifle hastily: "I love you dearly—will you not be my wife?"

"No—to both questions!"

She pushed his hand away with a haughty grace.

"But Miss Brandon—Cecile——" he cried.

"Not another word—it is a useless waste of breath. I heard you say to-day you did not care a fig for the girl but you must have her money. I am sorry to say you cannot have either."

Thomson Phelps looked dumbfounded. But suddenly a light dawned on his dazed brain.

"You were out on the road to-day, disguised as 'Roxanna, the flower-girl.'"

She smiled as she glanced up into his horrified face.

"Yes; doing a little masquerading."

"Nice employment, indeed!" he sneered, tugging at his blonde moustache, "for a——"

"But profitable," she laughed, as she moved away from him, "it saved my fortune."

Thomson Phelps used some very hard language at his luck as he left the hotel.

An hour later Cecile Brandon stood before the dark-eyed stranger, Paul Mannington. He proved an old friend of Mrs Arthurs, who had just returned from a six-years' tour in Europe. And before they parted that evening Cecile knew she had met the only man she could ever love. All her iciness vanished before the genial influence of his presence, and all the world seemed tinted with the supernal glow of the happiness that filled her heart.

And when three months later Paul asked her the question——

"Will you be my wife, Cecile?"

She did not answer "no," but questioned shyly.

"When did you fall in love with me, Paul?"

"The day you played 'Roxanna, the flower girl,'" Paul said, holding her close to his breast. "I instantly recognized the face when I was introduced to Miss Brandon. That was a heavy loss to Phelps."

"But his loss is your gain, laughed Cecile, who was the happiest woman—she thought—in the world.

Of Betrothals.—In days gone by, a most important preliminary of marriage was the "betrothal," a modified form of which still survives in our modern "engagement." Indeed, the old ceremony of betrothing, was of so solemn and binding a nature that promises of marriage were not so often broken as nowadays. One reason for this was the fact that the betrothal was not entered upon in a hurry, the two parties being required to satisfy the witnesses, in whose presence the compact was made, of the honesty of their intentions. Hence, before the betrothal ceremony was performed, proper precautions were taken that the obligations of the agreement should be carried out. Indeed, it occasionally happened that the security offered for the fulfillment of the contract was not considered satisfactory, and in such a case it was a difficult matter for the young people to get betrothed.

The law, too, was very stringent, and it was next to impossible to escape the legal formalities relating to the act of betrothal. Thus, a law of Henry I. enacted that no marriage contract made between a man and a woman without the presence of witnesses should be valid if either of them afterwards repudiated it.

An illustration of its binding character may be inferred from the circumstance that lovers were in the habit of terming one another "husband" and "wife," for, as they argued, they were morally as good as such.

Nor was this all, for we find that it was customary for betrothed lovers to wear an outward symbol of their contract. Thus, one mode of announcing the fact was by means of a flower, generally a gilli-flower or pink. But, as it has been pointed out, "the conceit of choosing such short-lived emblems of their plighted loves cannot be thought a very happy one." Yet it may have been with truth contended that flowers, as some of the choicest and most beautiful of Nature's handiworks, are the purest and most fitting emblems of what real love should be.

Another external mark displayed by lovers was a look of hair, numerous notices of which occur in the literature of olden times. In Lodge's "Wit's Miserie," published in the year 1596, we have an amusing illustration of a lover's behavior in public.

"When he rides you shall know him by his fan, and if he walke abroad, and misse his mistress favor about his neck, arme, or thighe, he hangs the head like the soldier in the field that is disarmed."

But these were not the only tokens, as may be gathered from the following passage in "Stow's Chronicle"

"It was the custom for maids and gentlewomen to give their favorites, as tokens of their love, little handkerchiefs of about three or four inches square, wrought round about, and with a button or a tassel at each corner, and a little one in the middle with silk and thread; the best edged with a small gold lace or twist, which, being folded up in four cross folds so as the middle might be seen, gentlemen and others did usually wear them as favors of their loves and mistresses."

Foremost, however, amongst the tokens worn in love-contracts was the betrothal ring. At first, it would seem, that only one ring was employed—the circlet given by the man to the woman. In after times, the betrothal apparently was not considered complete unless each spouse gave the other a ring.

The other day some of the servants in one of the richest families in Grand Rapids, Mich., were quite surprised to discover Sallie Wilson, the new nurse girl, shaving. Sallie proved to be Fred Warden, a genuine man, who had been doing duty as a girl for some ten weeks or more.

A Dover, N. H., woman has just bought the street railway system in that city.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mrs. C. E. Loder, living in Fairview township, this State, met with an accident two years ago by having a piece of a needle, a quarter of an inch long, fly into her eye while sewing. Efforts to remove the needle were unsuccessful. For a time it could be felt under the skin, below the eye, and then it disappeared without any noticeable pain until three weeks ago, when the needle finger of the right hand became inflamed and painful. The finger was treated for felon, and finally the core of the supposed felon came out, revealing the broken needle in the centre of the cavity.

What is described as the latest London rogue's device is to drive a hansom, and from that elevated position to pick out from the roofs of four-wheelers such articles of luggage as seem most promising. These he places on the roof of his own cab and drives away with them, presumably to some railway station. In order that the spectacle of luggage on an empty cab should not excite suspicion, a temporary fare is provided, called a "buck;" he has nothing to do but to look as if he owned the property ager his head, though in reality he knows nothing about it, and is speculating in his own mind as to whether it is a carpet-bag or a portmanteau.

Last week a lady student at Cornell discovered that her name was incorrectly given in the list of students and went to have the error corrected. "Are you engaged just now?" was the first question she asked the registrar. "No, indeed," replied the gallant official, his face at the same time becoming the very embodiment of pleasant anticipations of the present leap year. "Well, then, I should like to change my name," said the fair visitor. "Oh, you would!" gasped the young man, his countenance radiant beyond expression. And then the young lady undertook to explain matters more in detail, much to the discomfiture of the assistant. The story got out, and there is hilarity in college circles.

There was a small riot in Bolton, Eng., last week because a marriage, which had been anticipated with much interest, did not come off. The bridegroom and about a thousand sympathizers went to the bride's house before proceeding to the church, and, placing a pledge card before her, insisted on her at once signing it. She refused, whereupon he announced that there would be no wedding. The clergyman and a number of friends were waiting at the church, but the parties did not appear, and when the cause transpired a number of women assembled outside the bridegroom's house and pelted him with rotten eggs and other pleasant missiles, and so much resentment was manifested that he has found it expedient to leave for a time.

Sparrows are being properly appreciated. Hundreds of them are now caught by enterprising people for sale to certain restaurants where reed birds are in demand. A German woman in New York has three traps set every day, and she catches probably seventy-five a week. The are cooked and served to her boarders the same as reed birds, and are declared quite as great a delicacy. This German woman pulls them, leaving the little wooden skewer in the bird when served. They are cooked with a bit of bacon. She tempts them with oats, and after the catch they are fed awhile with boiled oaten meal. She sprinkles oaten meal in the backyard also, and thereby fattens the free birds. The females are the choice meat. The males can be told by the circle of white feathers at the neck. The females are as plain as Quakeresses. So soon as it becomes generally known that the sparrow is a table bird their number will rapidly grow less.

There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, unexcitable exercise. If we could generate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open-air exercise, a large portion of nervous disease would be abolished. For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could get spared from his business and he laughed at those who spent their holidays in the mountains. One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks.

A Ruined Life

Is often the result of wasted opportunities, or failure to take advantage of the good chances offered. Those who take hold of our work, make $1 an hour and upwards. We start you free, and put you on the right way to fortune. Both sexes; all ages. No special ability or training required. You can live at home and do the work. After you know all, should you conclude not to take hold, why, no harm is done. Those who are enterprising will learn all, by at once addressing Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

Our Young Folks.

MARION'S REVENGE.

BY L. P.

"CAN'T you stop that odious little canary of yours from screeching for one half-second, Marion? and don't shake the table like that! You nearly made me drop the ink over my stamp-book."

And the speaker, a boy of fourteen, raised his head quickly from a book into which he was patiently pasting stamps of various countries, for Frank Dudley possessed a very fine collection, which was the pride and joy of his heart.

It was a gray October afternoon, but that did not seem to depress the spirits of the canary hanging in the window, who kept up that exasperatingly shrill twittering, in which all canaries give utterance to their thoughts.

Its owner, a little girl of eleven, had been provoking it to further musical efforts by whistling to it, till the din became almost intolerable to Frank, and when the fastidious bird pushed a wet lump of sugar through the bars of its cage till it fell with a splash into his carefully prepared paste, he could bear it no longer, and jumped up angrily.

"Upon my word, Marion, that bird is a perfect nuisance. If you don't stop it, I will, I can promise you. Cyrus won't object to a fat canary for afternoon tea, I daresay."

And he caught up the big white Persian cat, who was sleeping peacefully on the hearth-rug, and held him up in front of the cage, till the poor little canary, at the sight, fluttered wildly round the cage in terror.

Marion, who had been teasing her brother all afternoon, was rather appalled at the result of her proceeding.

"Don't, Frank; how can you be so cruel? You've been cross all the afternoon, and now you are in a rage. Arranging those old stamps doesn't improve your temper, it seems."

Frank laughed sarcastically. "Who's in a temper now, I should like to know? Just look, Marion, how old and broken the cage is. Cyrus would be through those wires in a second. Some day when you come in you will find puss looking rather fatter, and a few feathers about, and that will be the end of this noisy bird."

"Frank, Frank," said a voice in the doorway, as Mrs. Dudley entered.

"Squabbling again, children, and you, Marion, crying! Run upstairs, Marion, and get ready for a walk with Miss Leslie and now, Frank," as the door closed behind Marion, "tell me what has been happening. Didn't you promise me this morning not to tease Marion?"

"Mother, darling, I am sorry, but I got cross, and Marion is such a little donkey."

"Hush! my dear boy, you will never become a brave man till you learn to keep your temper under control. I did not think you would have forgotten our morning chat so soon, Frank!" and Mrs. Dudley laid her hand gently on her boy's thick curly hair.

"All right, dear old mater, I was rather a brute, I suppose; I'll make it all square with Marion when she comes in; and," he added, impulsively, "I will truly look out about my temper—I know it's pretty bad."

Mrs. Dudley kissed him and left the room, and Frank returned once more to his beloved stamp-book; but only for a short time.

After thinking for a few moments he glanced round the room till his eye fell on the offending canary, who was only just recovering from the fright of seeing the cruel pink eyes of Cyrus the Persian within a few inches of its cage.

"I have it!" exclaimed Frank, starting to his feet; "a new cage would be the very thing. That one is as old as the hills, and all broken. I will have it as a surprise for Marion when she comes in. Come, you noisy little thing," he said good-humoredly, as he unhooked the cage, "we'll go down to Barton's, the bird-fancier, and get you a jolly new home."

But this plan suddenly came to a standstill as he remembered the little that remained of his month's pocket money. He slowly turned out his pocket. Seven pence in money, an old knife with two blades broken, a bit of string, and a catapult. Not very encouraging.

Suddenly his eye fell on his stamp-book. There, on the open page, not yet pasted in, lay his much prized Mulready envelope, for which he had only that morning been offered fourteen shillings.

He hesitated for a few minutes, for it was no small sacrifice to make; then hastily snatching up the cage in one hand, he took the precious envelope in the other, gave it one last look before placing it carefully into his breast pocket, and putting on his cap, went out whistling into the streets, where lamps were already beginning to be lit.

There was no lamp in the school room when Marion returned from her walk, but a bright fire was blazing on the hearth, sending little clouds of sparks up the chimney.

Marion sat down and warmed herself for a few minutes on the rug, till she remembered the green dell and had gathered on her walk for the canary, and gathering it all up from the rug where she had dropped it, she walked across the school room to the window.

The bird, the cage, all was gone!

Marion could hardly believe her eyes. She poked the logs into a brighter blaze, and went round the room, searching behind all the curtains, and whistling for her favorite, but in vain.

Suddenly she nearly stumbled over something, and looking down, beheld Cyrus the Persian, who with an indignant "miaw" took refuge on the top of the bookcase and watched her anxiously with his pink eyes.

At the same instant a thought flashed across Marion's mind, and her cheeks flushed with sudden passion.

"Frank has given Dicky to that horrid cat. Oh! how could he be so wicked? But I'll pay him out, I will!"

And half blind with fury, she looked round the room for some object on which to wreak her vengeance. There on the table, just as he had left it, lay Frank's stamp-book, the patient collection of several years, on which he lavished all his pocket money.

Had she known now what she could do, and stifling every feeling of remorse by thinking of poor Dicky's terrible fate, she rushed to the table, and with trembling fingers lifted the book.

The fire was smouldering, but she knew that battered old red cover without light. Light! There was light enough in the room in a moment, as Marion plunged the cherished book into the logs.

As the last blaze died down the door opened, and Frank bounced into the room. Marion started guiltily. But what was that in his hand? It could not be a cage, surely? And Marion strained her eyes to see.

Yes, a cage, sure enough, and Dicky inside, looking as proud as possible of his new home.

"Well, old lady," she heard Frank's cheery voice saying, "isn't this better than that broken old thing he was in before? I thought I should give you a surprise. He really is a queer little chap, Marion. He explored every corner of his new house. Doesn't he look pleased with himself? But what's up now? You girls are a queer lot!" he ejaculated, for Marion had not spoken, but only looked at him with a white face, while the tears brimmed over and ran down her cheeks.

At last she broke down altogether.

"Oh, Frank! I thought you had killed Dicky, and—oh, Frank! I burnt your stamp-book."

"You—burnt—my stamp-book," repeated Frank, almost mechanically. The blow stunned him at first. Then for a second a mad impulse seized him to send the cage, bird and all, into that same glowing fire, but somehow his mother's words came into his mind, and some other words also something about it being a braver thing to rule your spirit than to take a city. So he just put the cage quietly on the ground, walked over to the window, and looked out into the deserted street, while, big boy as he was, the lamps were blurred by the tears that stood in his eyes.

Poor Marion, this was worse than the angry words she had expected, and she cried and sobbed as she lay on the rug, with a very bitter repentance.

Now came Fred's hardest fight with himself. He stood silent for some time, for angry reproaches rose to his lips, and he could not trust himself to speak, but at last he turned from the window, and making an effort, went over to where she lay.

"There now, it's no use crying over spilt milk, Marion; it can't be undone now, so it's no use fretting, old girl," he added kindly.

"Oh, Frank, I'd give the whole world to get it back, I would indeed!"

Frank soothed and kissed her; it was not half so hard to forgive her now as he had thought, and presently she stopped crying, though every chirp from the cage in the window gave her a fresh pang of remorse. Presently the door opened, and Mrs. Dudley entered, saying:

"I hope, Frank, you have not been looking for your stamp-book? I took it to show a gentleman who wanted to get one for his son. Here it is."

The two children, struck dumb with amazement, stared first at each other, and then at their mother, as Marion caught sight of the book in her mother's hand.

"Is that the stamp-book, Frank?" she almost screamed. "I burnt the old red one."

"Hooray!" he shouted. "I had taken everything out of that except some duplicates."

Marion then confessed the whole story to her mother, and the three had quite a chat over the fire. That night, as Marion said good night to her mother, she whispered:

"Frank deserved the book to be found, for he wasn't a bit cross to me; and, mother, I am so very glad God didn't let me have my revenge."

WHAT MAUD LEARNT.

BY E. KINGSLEY.

"WHAT a romp you are!" said Mrs. Greaves to her young niece Maud, as the child ran here and there, all round the room, with Mrs. Greaves's dog Jack at her heels.

He was as fond of a game as she was, and just now they were at "hide and seek." Maud hid in the fold of a large screen which stood at the end of the room, and Jack came, as it were, on tip-toes to find her; and when she caught sight of his sharp black nose she would jump out on him and laugh, and he would join in with short, shrill barks.

"I think it would be well for you to sit down for a time" her aunt went on to say; "you know the Wests will be here soon, and then you will have to play with them."

Nell and Kate West were friends of Maud's whom Mrs. Greaves would ask to tea now and then: they were both nice girls, and the worst that could be said of them was that they were rough in their play, but as Maud was, as her aunt said, "a romp," she did not mind that.

In less than an hour came Nell and Kate West. All Maud's dolls were brought out to play with, and Jack was made to beg and jump till tea-time. They had a nice tea of sponge cakes, jam roll, buns and pears, and when it was done they had blind man's buff, till Mrs. Greaves told them to come to the next room and have some cake, for it was time to go home.

Nell and Kate sat down, and just as Maud meant to take the chair next to Nell, Nell drew it to one side, and Maud fell to the floor.

This joke made Nell and Kate both laugh, but it made Mrs. Greaves start to her feet and say:

"Oh, Nell, what have you done?" for she saw the look of pain that came to Maud's face, and heard the cry that broke from her lips. "Are you hurt, my child?"

"No, not much," said the brave girl, as she did her best to keep back the tears which would come to her eyes; "my back hurts me a wee bit, though."

Mrs. Greaves bent down, took her up in her arms, and off to her own room.

Then she rang the bell, and told her maid Ruth to walk home with the Miss Wests, and to call on Dr. Grey on the way, and ask him to come up at once and see Miss Maud.

That was a sad night for more than Mrs. Greaves and Maud, for Mrs. West felt she ought to have done more in the past to make Nell and Kate less rough in their ways, and Nell and Kate could not sleep for fear Maud would not get well; "and it will have been my fault," said Nell, in the midst of her sobs.

The next day they heard that Dr. Grey said Maud's spine was so much hurt that she must lie on her back for months.

Poor Maud! this was a hard thing for her to learn: she who could not sit still for half an hour at a time must lie still for months and months, for Dr. Grey himself could not at first tell how long it would have to be.

Poor child! she had a good deal of pain to bear, and the days did seem so long to her. She could read, that was one good thing, and her aunt would read to her too, but at last she grew not to care for books, and would lie quite still, with such a sad look in her face.

"Would you like to do some work, Maud?" her aunt said to her one day.

"Oh, no, aunt," said Maud; "I do not want to work, and it would make my arms ache."

"It might just at first," said her aunt, "but I think you would grow to like it soon. I want to get this frock done as quickly as possible, and it would help me so very much if you would do this hem for me."

"Well then, aunt, give it to me," said Maud, with a sigh; if it will help you I should like to do it."

It did not take long to do, and Maud gave it back to her aunt, and said, "It has made my arms ache, but they are not so bad as I thought they would be; I will do some more if you like."

"That's right," said Mrs. Greaves; "you have been a great help to me, Maud. You might hem this sash now, and I will tell you of a strange sight I once saw: it will show you how no one knows what they can do till they try. Now one day I saw a man who had no arms, and what do you think he could do?"

"Oh, aunt, all that a man can do who had no arms would be to walk or run, I should think."

"Well, Maud, this man could paint."

"Paint! Oh, aunt, how could he do that?"

"He held his brush with his toes, for his hands were made like mitts, and he could paint so well—far more so than lots of men who have the use of both their hands. It must have been hard work for him at first, and I dare-say made his toes ache, but I thought it was a great sight: it told me that man had a strong will and a brave heart, that must have made him work hard to gain the ends he had in view. Most men would have thought, 'How can I work? I can do none when I have no arms; so my friends must keep me.'"

"Oh, aunt," said Maud, "I should like to see that man."

"Some day may-be you will, Maud, for Grey tells me he thinks at the end of a year you will be quite well once more."

And Maud did have her wish, for the next year Mrs. Greaves took her to Ghent, and thence they went by train to a large town, where they found the man whose tale had made Maud think far less of her-self, and more of what she might do.

She can walk now, but all through her life she will have some pain to bear, and all through that rough joke of Nell's.

VEGETABLES.—Celery is a sedative, and is good for rheumatism and the so-called neuralgic weakness often only another name for it. Cucumbers, the system when feverish, of course. Lettuce is not only soothing in its properties, generally if the stalk is eaten. Asparagus purifies the blood, and especially acts on the kidneys. Peas, broad beans, and haricots are positively strengthening, and contain for the human being the properties specified by farmers when they say that peas fatten pigs, beans will do it, cats may take a horse, but beans will do it. Potatoes should not be eaten by those who are disposed to get too stout, and many who suffer from derangement of the liver eschew them altogether.

NARROW ESCAPE.

REINECKE was a fine, well-grown young fox, with eyes as sharp as needles, fur glossy and bright, and a really superior brush, of which he was extremely vain.

But "handsome is as handsome does," says the old proverb, and it would not be telling the truth to say that Reinecke was a good son; because he was quite the reverse.

His mother was a widow too, for one cold December day Mr. Fox, senior, had gone for a run with the hounds, and, alas! had never returned. His sorrowing family put on mourning for him, and ventured to hope that his end was peaceful, though secretly fearing that it was more probably pieces; a very different matter.

Young Reinecke was lazy and selfish to the last degree; in fact he would have the best of everything.

"There's not a bit or scrap in the larder except a bone with no meat on it," said Dame Fox one evening. "Now, just you go out, Reinecke, and see if you cannot get us some supper."

"It's so cold!" he grumbled, stretching himself lazily. "Why don't you go yourself, mother? You are a capital hand at catching fowls!"

"A likely thing with my rheumatism," cried his mother. "The laziness of you boys is beyond everything," and she caught up a broom with such evident intention of trying its persuasive powers on her son's back that he got up and sneaked out of the hole.

He turned his steps towards a farmyard which had long been a favorite hunting ground.

The cocks and hens would be shut in for the night, but there was always the chance that some silly bird might elect to stay out in the rickyard, in which case there might be supper forthcoming for somebody.

With stealthy tread, and eyes and ears on the alert, Reinecke stole round the yard, watching and waiting.

Oh, Dame Cluck, Dame Cluck, why did you come home too late for looking up, you very foolish hen?

You will never learn wisdom now, Dame Cluck, for you are caught and killed, and going to be supper for——

For whom?

Ah! that was the question which Reinecke was considering as he made off with his booty.

There were four mouths at home. One fowl divided by four: the answer would not be very large.

Besides, he was ravenously hungry, for the cold night air had sharpened an appetite which seldom required sharpening. Reinecke's self-consultation very soon came to an end.

"I'll leave home altogether and go and live in that empty hole down by the river," cried he.

So Reinecke went into bachelor apartments, and lived a lazy, useless, selfish life; spending most of his time in sleep.

Said a kingfisher to him one day—

"You had better change your quarters, Mr. Fox; for don't you see that the river is rising?"

"Let it rise," was Reinecke's ungracious response; "I can take care of myself."

"We are going to have a flood," squeaked the water-rats, who lived in holes in the bank; "we can smell it in the air."

Reinecke took no notice of the kingfisher's advice, and he never listened to the water-rats, who were very learned in the matter of floods.

But one night there was a sound of rushing water; the river, swollen by the rains, was pouring down in a torrent, overflowing the banks, and spreading far and wide on either side.

A very narrow escape indeed had Master Reinecke from being drowned in his hole, and before he knew there he was splashing about, panting, gasping, and swimming for dear life.

The torrent bore him onward until he struck against some hard substance rising out of the water.

After several desperate efforts he succeeded in crawling on to a trunk of an old willow-tree, for it was that which he had been hurled against, and a nice forlorn object he looked, all woe-begone, limp, and draggled; while as for his beautiful brush, it was not fit to be seen. Poor Reinecke!

He had plenty time to meditate over his evil deeds, for he was kept a prisoner on the trunk two whole days and nights before the floods subsided enough to allow him to wade on to higher ground.

Then he was so weak that he could hardly crawl back to his old home, where his mother was so delighted to see him that she boxed his ears heartily, and then cried over his altered appearance.

"You're not so handsome as you used to be, Reinecke," said she tearfully, "but I hope you'll be a better boy and not go off again, and frighten your poor old mother to death. I used to dream every night that the hounds had caught you, and it gave me quite a turn."

Reinecke did not say much, for he was not a fox of many words, but perhaps he thought the more, for it was remarked that henceforth he paid much less attention to his own comfort, and much more to that of other people.

But to the end of his days he continued to think that there was not another brush like his in the whole of the land.

WHEREVER you see persecution, there is more than a probability that truth lies on the persecuted side.

PASSED BY.

BY T. F. COWLING.

How sad the reading of the lies
That link two hearts in love!
How gloomy seem fair Nature's skies
When dear ones faithless prove!

Yet ev'ry living thing we see,
As Time doth onward fly,
Doth suffer anguish as do we
Until the storm pass by.

Oh, sweetest, dearest sympathy
That binds true heart to heart!
It smooths the rugged path of Life
And solace doth impart.

When once within the human breast
Sweet love has found a tie,
'Twill ne'er depart, but seek calm rest
Until the storm pass by.

Stern Time has laid his heavy hand
Upon the fragile flowers;
The verdant mead is snowy land,
The swallows quit their bowers.

Oh for the wind's low soft refrain,
The zephyr's balmy sigh;
For then my love will come again
And storms be all passed by!

A LOT OF BLUNDERS.

Every year a certain proportion of the children of the London board-schools enter into a competitive examination in Scriptural knowledge for the "Peek Prizes," which consist of handsomely got-up Bibles and Testaments. They are "paper-work" examinations, and the following are a few of the many curious "hash" answers that have at various times been put in at them:

"Abram was the father of Lot, and ad tew wives. One was called Hishmale and tother Haggar, he kept wun at home, and he turned tother into the desert where she become a pillow of salt in the day time, and a pillow of fire by night."

"Joseph wore a kaot of many garments. He were chief butler to Faro and told is dreams. He married Potifler's dortor, and he led the Gypshans out of bondage to Kans in Gallilice, and there fell on his sword and died in sight of the promised land."

"Moses was an Egypshion. He lived in a hark made of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calt and worshipt brazen snakes, and he het nothing but kwales and manner for forty year. He was cort by the air of his ed while riding under the bow of a tree and he was killed by his son Absolon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was pease."

At one of these examinations, a boy, on being asked to mention the occasion upon which it is recorded in Scripture that an animal spoke, made answer: "The whale when it swallowed Jonah." The inspector being something of a humorist, maintained his gravity and asked: "What did the whale say?" To which the boy promptly replied: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Another inspector, finding a class hesitating over answering the question, "With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?" and wishing to prompt them, significantly touched his own cheek, and asked, "What is this?" and his action touching "the chords of memory," the whole class instantly answered: "The jawbone of an ass."

Many of the comicalities in the way of examination answers, go a long way to prove that in examination blundering, as in many other matters, truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. At least, it seems to us that no invented story—supposing examination stories ever are invented—could equal for "nice derangement," the following written answer, which was actually given at an examination in the "specific subjects" in a public elementary school within the metropolitan area.

The specific subject taken was physiology, and the children "presented" in it were asked to "describe the processes of digestion," which one of them did in this wise:

"Food is digested by the action of the lungs. Digestion is brought on by the action of the lungs having something the matter with them. The food then passes through your windpipe to the pores, and thus passes of your body by evaporation. We call the kidneys the bread-basket, because it is where all bread goes to. They lay up concealed by the heart."

Domestic economy, as nowadays taught to "children of the elementary class," embraces a good deal of physiological jargon. It is a subject which affords hosts of amusing answers, though, from considerations of space one must here suffice.

Thus, in reply to the question, "Why do we cook our food?" one fifth-standard girl gives the delightful inconsequent reply: "Their of five ways of cooking potatoes. We should die if we eat our food roar."

On the subject of ventilation, one student informs us that a room should be kept at ninety, in the winter by a fire; in the summer by a thermometer; while a classmate writes: "A thermometer is an instrument used to let out heat when it is going to be cold." Another girl sets down: "When roasting a piece of beef place it in front of a brisk fire, so as to congraulate the outside."

The definitions sometimes given by children in reply to examination questioning, are, to say the least of it, original. After a reading of Gray's Elegy, by a fourth-standard class, the boys were asked what was meant by "fretted vaults," and one youth replied: "The vaults in which those poor people were buried; their friends came and fretted over them." Asked what he understood by "elegy," another boy in the same class answered: "Elegy is some poetry wrote out for schools to learn, like Gray's Elegy."

A class of girls, who had read a passage from Evangeline, were told to write out the meaning of "the forge," and these were among the answers: "A firnist in a blacksmith's chop." "A firnist in a blacksmith." "The village smithy's anvil." "The dust that rises from the floor of a blacksmith's."

A schoolboy habit of placing upon a question some literal meaning other than that intended by the examiner, often leads to answers as curious as unexpected. Thus, an inspector, testing a class upon their knowledge of the succession of the kings of Israel, asked the boy to whose turn it had come to be questioned:

"And who came after Solomon?" To which the youngest replied: "The Queen of Sheba, sir." Asked what were the chief ends of man, another boy replied, "His head and feet;" and a third, questioned as to where Jacob was going when he was ten years old, replied that he was "going on for eleven."

One specially unimaginative juvenile, called upon to say for what the Red Sea was famous, answered, "Red herrings!" but, perhaps, the most startling answer of this kind was that of the boy, who, when asked what was meant by an unclean spirit, responded, "A dirty devil, sir."

To the type of answers here in view, belongs that of the little girl, daughter of a watchmaker, who having repeated that she "renounced the devil and all his works," and being asked, "What do you understand by all his works?" she answered: "His inside."

Grains of Gold.

Live this day as if the last.

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

Self-control lies at the foundation of the character.

Our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

What is becoming is honorable, and what is honorable is becoming.

A vulgar man courts publicity with the hope of wedding notoriety.

The loss of a beloved connection awakens an interest in heaven before unfelt.

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.

With the wind of tribulation God separates, in the floor of the soul, the chaff from the corn.

When you have learned to listen, you have already acquired the rudiments of a good education.

Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to be suggestions of that realm which is the home of the heart.

There are vices which have no hold upon us, but in connection with others; and which, when you cut down the trunk, fall like the branches.

When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes, and especially the mistakes of prejudice.

Femininities.

Bracelets are only proper when the dress is full.

Golden brown stockings are coming into preference.

Mistletoe is a new leap year trimming for young ladies' hats.

Arkansas City has a "lady" who runs a milk wagon in that town.

At a recent ball in New York there were 10,000 newly cut roses.

Egg shells crushed and shaken in glass bottles half filled with water will clean them quickly.

There are 50 New York widows who possess individual fortunes ranging from $1,000,000 to $15,000,000.

It is customary in Sweden to hang the door-key up outside the house to show that the family is not at home.

Leavenworth claims to have a house wherein dwell in perfect harmony 18 intelligent, marriageable young ladies.

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture in equal parts of serenity and cheerfulness.

The Empress of Brazil is outspoken in her denunciation of the slaughter of birds for the manufacture of feather trimmings.

Modesty is the best appendage of sobriety, and is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility as the fringes are to a garment.

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one she finds she can do nothing with him.

This advertisement appeared in a French paper: "Young lady, large fortune, one fault, wants a husband." The "fault" was a wooden leg.

The lace curtains in the Robert Garrett mansion at Baltimore cost $30 a yard, and some of the carpets are actually worth their weight in gold.

"Aunt Esther" Bennett, of Delaware county, N. Y., now 80 years old, wove 261 yards of carpet last year, and is now engaged in spinning wool.

Women are frightful gossips, we know, says a cynic; but, if they were not, husbands would miss a deal of entertaining information about the neighbors.

Pulverize loaf sugar and cover the surface of your jelly to the depth of a quarter of an inch. This will prevent mould, even if the jellies be kept for years.

A celebrated Frenchwoman once wrote the following brief letter to her husband: "I commence because I have nothing to do; I finish because I have nothing to say."

A book agent tried to sell a Pittsburg woman a volume entitled "The Art of Speech," but she cast such a withering look upon him that the wretch slunk away in shame.

The belle of the evening at a party in Dayton, O., gathered herself together for a sneeze, and when the explosion came a glass eye and a set of false teeth shot across the room.

There is a thrifty woman living at Briar Creek, Pa. Not long ago her husband died, and she took the headstone from his first wife's grave and had it dressed over and relettered for his grave.

An old philosopher says that he has often seen a man pleased at being thought to be in advance of his age, but that he had never heard of a woman who was pleased at being supposed to be in advance of her age.

Queen Victoria taboos the electric light in all her palaces because her personal friends, most of whom are very well matured women, protest that oil lamps are the only things which make their complexions passable.

All the valuable varieties of rose bushes can be procured from nurserymen, and at a low cost. There is no flowering plant that adds so much beauty to a home as does the rose. Every front yard should be full of them.

Among the passengers by the steamship Britannia were several young girls who said they had come to America to marry men whom they had never seen. The intended bridegrooms failed to meet them, and the girls were detained at Castle Garden.

To clean kid gloves stretch them on a clean piece of paper or a wooden hand, and apply benzine with a piece of cotton or flannel. Apply the benzine in a circular direction. Dry with blotting paper. By exposure to the air all traces of smell will speedily disappear.

Daughter: "There is only one thing more astonishing than the readiness with which Ned gave up tobacco when we became engaged." Mother: "What is that astonishing thing?" Daughter: "The rapidity with which he took it up again as soon as we were married."

We always thought that Berlin was one of the most correct cities in Germany; and it is therefore rather startling to hear that a young lady is driving a cab there, and, being pretty, she asks thrice the ordinary fare, because she sits by the side of her passenger while she drives him.

Burmese women, though not so well educated as the men, are nevertheless wonderful managers. A farmer's wife will carry out the sale of the whole rice crop to the agent, and generally strikes a better bargain than the farmer would himself. If the village constable is away, the wife will get the policemen together, stop a fight, arrest the offenders, and send them off to the lock-up on her own responsibility.

It is always advisable to hear the end of a sentence. A literary man, for instance, once said to one of his lady friends: "Will you accept my hand—" Gushing maiden: "Why, er—so sudden—so unexpected." Literary man, proceeding, unmoved: "—book on political economy?" Somewhat similar is a story told of another couple, He: "How bright the stars are to-night! They are almost as bright as—" She, expecting "your eyes": "Oh, you flatter me!" He, proceeding: "—they were last night."

Masculinities.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Breach-of-promise suits are now called "white-mailing" attacks.

It is an easy thing to be a philosopher, but it is hard to make it pay.

A man may be able to paint a town red from end to end, and yet possess none of the cardinal virtues.

A Japanese tailor holds his cloth with his toes; a carpenter holds and turns about his wood with his feet.

"Is there a cure for snoring?" asks an inquirer. Yes; marry a woman with a temper. She'll cure you.

The first degree of folly is to think oneself wise; the next, to tell others so; the third, to despise all counsel.

In the society of the young we usually find less hypocrisy than in that of the old, though more vanity and conceit.

The latest addition to the American repertory of social inventiveness is "the rainy-day boy who loans umbrellas."

It is the unscrupulous and slippery man whose suspects roguery in every quarter and ridicules the idea of disinterestedness.

An Eastern man paralyzed a Colfax storekeeper by asking for three cents' worth of sugar and tendering in payment three one-cent stamps.

The Turks believe amber to be an infallible guard against the injurious effects of nicotine; hence its extensive use for the mouth-pieces of pipes.

A contest over a seat in the Maryland Legislature is going on between two men who bear the striking names respectively of Scaggs and Sasscer.

A bit of Chinese philosophy runs as follows: "Observe not the stranger in thy melon patch too closely. Inattention is often the highest form of civility."

In China love-making follows marriage, and lasts only about three days after the ceremony. For this reason old women, instead of the young, are the belles of society.

Cardinal Manning recently said: "Necessity has no law, and a starving man has a natural right to his neighbor's bread." This little text has set all England talking.

Scarpia and Justinian are the names of Sarah Bernhardt's two lions, which she lets loose occasionally. One of Sarah's friends always brings his revolver with him when he calls.

An embarrassed young man who had just been married, not knowing how to express his gratitude, in handing over a small fee said: "I hope to give you more next time."

"Society owls" is the cognomen applied to the callow youths who in tourist caps and cape overcoats go scurrying about the streets of New York at night, fulfilling a dozen engagements the same evening.

A boy who has learned that it is manly to be tender to the weak is rarely a coward, for the strength and courage of his nature are developed by teaching him to protect those who cannot defend themselves.

Applicant—Please, ma'am, can you help a poor man who is out of work? Woman—I guess I can find something for you to do. Applicant (gratefully)—Thanks. If you could give me some washing to do, I'll take it home to me wife.

The point of aim for our vigilance to hold in view, is to dwell upon the brightest parts in every prospect, to call off the thoughts when running upon disagreeable objects, and strive to be pleased with the present circumstances surrounding us.

Albert, a twelve-year-old lad of Sag Harbor, daily sits down to the table with his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and great-grandfather and two-great grandmothers. He gets his second piece of pie simply by asking for it.

To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope or fear—one who has no memory of the past or thought of the future—one who has no sympathy with humanity, and no feeling in common with the rest of his species.

"And why are you so surprised, Mr. Sampson," she said, drawing herself up with hauteur, "that I play the piano so well?" "Because your hands are so small, Miss Smith, that you must find it difficult to strike an octave." Then she played some more for him.

Some people are morose and dull and disagreeable among strangers who are always bright and cheerful and obliging at home. Hold on, though! That doesn't sound exactly right. We can't say what the matter is, but there is something wrong about the statement somewhere.

A judge cautioned an old negro who had been acquitted not to be found in bad company again. "Much 'bliged to yo', marse," he replied; "I allus 'spect your advise; but de fac am, marse, dat good company and bad company look so much alike dat dis ol'gnah can't tell de difference until he get right in 'em!"

The fact that men are wearing red neck scarfs and bright linings to their coat sleeves, and that tailors put a bright-colored piece of V-shaped silk in the back of the waistband of trousers, leads a Cincinnati philosopher to argue that men are drifting back to the days "of blue silk coat, yellow vests, green knee breeches and lace collars."

They tell in Dover, Me., that two strong temperance women one day came upon a man lying drunk by the roadside, while his wife sat by his side knitting. She had been walking home with him when he collapsed. One of the ladies asked the faithful wife: "What would become of him if he should die in this condition?" "I declare," said the knitter, "I don't know what his destiny would be in the future, but he seems to be having a good time now."

Recent Book Issues.

"Leon Roch," a romance from the Spanish of B. Perez Galdos, by Clara Bell, is a story of extraordinary intensity of power. Its force and passion are almost overwhelming; its originality, picturesque vividness and large sweep of feeling are masterly in development. The author deserves to rank high among the finest of living writers of fiction. The romance can hardly fail to make a profound impression, or to impress all who read it with the feeling that it has placed them under the charm of a great worker. Published by W. Gottsberger, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The chief interest of the unique February *Magazine of American History* centres about the writings and the portraits of the illustrious Washington. It is substantially a Washington number. Major General Schuyler Hamilton contributes an able paper on "The Stars in our Flag." Another theme of interest is "The True Origin of the great Reform in Legal Investigations," and Mr. E. W. B. Canning contributes "A Memory of the Revolution." There are numerous short contributions of curious and interesting Washingtonia. The portraits and other illustrations are excellent. The frontispiece represents Washington in full velvet costume. The editor in the opening article gives some welcome information about the various Washington portraits—of which the magazine, prior to this issue, has published eighteen. Published at 743 Broadway, New York city.

February *Wide Awake* has come; bright with pictures and full of entertainment and wisdom for young folks. One series of papers alone is enough to make the fortune of a magazine, "The Children of the White House" by Mrs. Upton, a familiar sketch of the children of John Adams with many curious portraits and relics. "About Rosa Bonheur" by Henry Bacon is accompanied by copies of several of her pictures with a portrait of the artist herself in her studio. "My Uncle Florimond" by Sidney Luska comes to its third instalment. Mrs. Sherwood takes "Those Cousins of Mabel's" to Richfield Springs. Olive Risley Seward visits the Great Wall of China; Oscar Fay Adams occupies himself with Æsop, the story-teller, and many more. The number is very rich, varied and interesting. A sample copy can be obtained by sending five cents to the publishers, D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

The Century Magazine of the opening article in the February number is an interesting sketch by Theodore Roosevelt of "Ranch Life in the Far West," with illustrations by Frederick Remington. In James Russell Lowell's paper on "Walter Savage Landor" is included a brief poem by Lowell, and an account of his visit to Landor at Bath in 1853. The third Russian Prison paper by George Kennan describes the life of the "Politicals" in the famous fortress of Petropaulovsk. Dr. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, writes of "Astrology, Divination and Coincidences." General W. T. Sherman contributes an article on "The Grand Strategy of the War of the Rebellion." A general review is presented of the chief campaigns, and special reference is made to his own operations in Georgia and Carolina. A character poem by James Whitcomb Riley, entitled "At the Literary," is illustrated by E. W. Kemble; a paper on "Pictorial Art on the Stage," by Evangeline W. and Edwin Blashfield, is illustrated by the latter. There are further instalments of "The Lincoln History" and of Cable's novel, "Au Large," and Frank R. Stockton's amusing sketch, "The Dusantes," is concluded. The Century Co., New York.

A WISE NATION.—We could learn much from the Japanese if we would. The shoes of their children are made of blocks of wood secured with cords. The stocking resembles a mitten, having a separate place for the great toe. As these shoes are fitted only by the toes, the heels make a rattling sound as their owners walk, which is quite stunning in a crowd. They are not worn in the house, as they injure the soft straw mats on the floor. You leave your shoes at the door. The Japanese shoes gives perfect freedom to the foot. The beauty of the human foot is only seen in the Japanese. They have no corns, no ingrowing nails, no distorted joints. Our toes are cramped until they are deformed, and are in danger of extinction. They have the full use of their toes, and to them they are almost like fingers. Nearly every mechanic makes use of his toes in holding his work. Every toe is fully developed. Their shoes cost a penny, and last six months.

HE CRUSHED HER.—"I say, Cholly, what d'ye think? I took Clara Upstreet to the concert the other evening and she asked me what an 'opus' was." "No!" "Yes, she did. But I made her ashamed of herself. I gave her a withering look and told her loud enough for the people around us to hear that an 'opus' was an andante in crescendo time with a rallentando fugue embellishment, and you bet I crushed her."

THOSE who employ their time ill are the first to complain of its shortness.

A RUSTY strand will weaken the strength of a cable. Use Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and strengthen the cable. Largest bottle in the market—120 doses $1. Druggists.

SCHOLARS' EXCUSES.

THE excuses some give for their children not attending school, are frequently very odd. They excuse themselves in the most extraordinary epistles sometimes, of which the following is a specimen: "Please, excuse May. She caught a cold through getting her feet wet, and I must get her another pair before she can come to school."

When Jessie Black returned after a long absence, she also bore a note from her mother. This lady, according to her own statement, had been laid up with "information in the back," which necessitated the girl's presence at home. When, on reading the letter, the teacher, with the best intention, no doubt, hoped Bessie would take the same disease in her head, he did not consider the consequences.

Next day, Bessie rose before the whole school, and on her mother's authority, informed him of that lady's opinion of him, which was far from flattering. As he had little to say in self-defence, or at least failed to clear himself of the charge, the other children went home with the idea that he must be a very malevolent person indeed.

The wonderful diseases that afflict school children often take the teacher down, as in the following instance: Maggie Keen was frequently away with the neuralgia. On her appearance after a few day's absence, the teacher greeted her with: "What, Maggie—neuralgia again?" "No, sir," she replied indignantly: "it was not new-ralger, but the same old ralger that never went away."

In a certain town rumors went abroad that an epidemic had broken out there. Lizzie White lived in the street where it was said to have appeared. Lizzie was away for a week, but one morning she entered the school with her eyes swollen. When the teacher went to ascertain the cause of her trouble, she began crying and said:

"We have got something in our house, sir," "Indeed!" said the teacher, drawing back to avoid infection. "Are any of you laid up with it? "Yes, sir; my mother." "Sorry to hear that. You must go home at once." Lizzie was on the point of obeying, when the teacher asked: "Has the doctor been there?" "Yes, sir." "And what did he say it was?" "Oh, it's a boy!"

It turned out that Lizzie had got a week's holiday in honor of the baby, and her whole trouble was having to come and leave it at the end of that time.

The English gamekeeper's son who excused himself with a bold face, because he had been watching game, nearly escaped undetected. At certain seasons the game molested farmers, and he was employed along with his father in protecting crops. Considering the time of year, the teacher was at a loss to understand what crop required the services of Angus.

"Are you sure you have been watching game?" he said. "Quite sure of *that*." The emphasis on "that" aroused suspicion. "What game?" asked the teacher. Angus looked crestfallen and confounded in a moment. "What game, sir?" Somebody whispered; "Marbles;" and Angus was obliged to admit the impeachment.

A boy whose parents had just come to live in the neighborhood, arriving late one morning was called up to give an account of himself. "Where have you been until this time?" asked the teacher severely. "Please, sir, I had to call at my uncle's." "What, you young rascal! You can have no uncle in this town," said the teacher, with still greater severity. "I have caught you in the lie, and I will thrash you within an inch of your life." "Please, sir, it's not the uncle you mean," replied the boy, wiping his eyes; "it's the uncle I have in every town!"

Need it be said that he meant the pawnbroker.

BANDAGED CHILDREN'S EYES.—"I must go and bandage Hazel's eyes," said a young Detroit mother who was entertaining evening company.

"Do her eyes trouble her?" asked one of the friends sympathetically.

"No, but they trouble me," said the mother laughing. "Just so long as she can see a glimmer of light she will lie awake and ask questions, but as soon as I bandage them she goes to sleep."

Sure enough, not another word was heard after the little girl's eyes were tied up.

"I never heard of such a thing," said the friend. "Is it a punishment?"

"Not at all. The child likes it. The sensation gives her something to think about and in a moment she falls asleep."

"Is it an original idea?"

"It is an Indian custom," said the handsome brunette mother, "and descended to me from my grandmother, who was an Indian princess. When I travel I always bandage the children's eyes when I want them to sleep. It acts like a charm."

RATS.—Attention is drawn to the enormous increase in the number of rats in the cellars and sewers of Paris. The sewer men readily catch them as they crawl along the walls, and when the men come up into the street after a day's work each has a rat with a string tied to its tail marching along the flags, followed by a regiment of volunteer dogs. The gamins fish the rats readily at the mouths of the sewers and, by skinning them while warm, can make five sous per dozen skins, which are ultimately converted into kid gloves for dolls and materials for toys.

The French cannot pronounce cough, but they use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents.

A boon to suffering humanity—Salvation Oil! Kills all pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.

MR. SMITH.

I have, writes a correspondent, a most intelligent beagle dog to which we have given this name. Sometimes an elderly visitor, somewhat long over his breakfast is finishing his meal whilst we are reading.

On more than one occasion when this has been the case, the desire to tempt Smith to a breach of decorum has been too strong to be resisted. Pieces of buttered toast or fried bacon have been held out to him, or any delicate morsels most likely to tempt his appetite.

But I am proud to say that Smith has never yielded to the temptation. I feel him quivering with a sort of longing; but principle is too strong.

There is no need for me to lay a detaining hand upon him, he wards off temptation himself by shutting his eyes and turning his head away, so that neither by sight nor by smell shall he be tempted to a breach of rule.

One can thus leave plates of bread and butter or cake within his reach with perfect confidence; he never dreams of touching them. He has been alone for an hour or more in a room with the remnants of afternoon tea on plates actually on the floor beside him, and not a crumb has been touched. He would no more dream of taking what was not meant for him than a thoroughly well-trained child.

I have a little silver-mounted Malacca cane that I sometimes carry when walking out with the dogs.

This stick Smith is never allowed to carry, as his teeth would leave too many traces behind; and his most eloquent pleadings to have it "just once" are always met with a steady denial.

One day I had accidentally left this cane lying upon the lawn, and I saw from an upper window a struggle of Smith's conscience over his wishes that really did him the greatest credit.

As he was playing about the lawn by himself, he suddenly came unawares upon this long-coveted treasure. He stopped and stared at it eagerly, and then looked carefully round him.

I was hidden behind the window curtain, and there was nobody in sight. Then began the battle with himself.

He looked at the stick; he smelt it carefully all the way along; he drew back a little to gaze at it, and licked his lips with the delight of anticipation.

Then he approached and smelt it once more, and it seemed just as if he must take it and pull it to pieces, as he loves to do. But all of a sudden his better nature came to his aid.

He turned his back upon temptation, and sat down with his head the other way, guarding the treasure till his mistress should claim it, but not touching himself what he knew he was not allowed to have.

This may seem a small victory to those who do not know Smith's passion for a stick, but such of his friends who are aware of this trait will appreciate his self-restraint.

Smith is very unselfish, too, and gives many proofs of this in his dealings with other dogs.

We have a little visitor with us just now, a very small pure-bred Dachshund, called Fritz, whose master and mistress are abroad.

Little Fritz has not much character of his own, and the chief individual trait he has developed is an adoration of Smith, which is a little overpowering to its object.

Whenever Smith lies down to sleep, Fritz snuggles himself beside him, and makes a pillow of his broad back.

He follows him like a shadow, sits by him at meal-times, and divides his food with him, Smith yielding up, in the most angelic way, many morsels thrown to him.

He also extends this infatuation to Smith's possessions, and looks upon them as his.

Smith has a treasured kennel of his own—a kennel that he loves with his life. It is a small cask, that stands raised upon bricks under the mounting platform in the yard. It has a south aspect, gets all the sun, commands the stable and yard, and from its elevated position gives to its possessor a pleasant sense of dignity.

When Fritz came, a similar cask was allotted to him, and placed beside the mounting block on the ground, so that the two dogs might be close together.

But nothing will satisfy Fritz save the sole possession of Smith's kennel. Smith will always let him come in beside him, but there really is not accommodation for both, and when that arrangement has been tried a little while it ends by Fritz's getting out again, and sitting whimpering outside; whereupon, after a short time, Smith will come out of his own accord, and take the despised lower kennel, giving up his own high and cosy nook beneath the block to his grasping little companion.

This is the more generous on his part because he is not fond of Fritz, who persecutes him sadly sometimes, but only tolerates him on the score of his insignificance and feebleness.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, of Albany, Ga., left his pet owl and his wife's pet cat in the same room together the other day while he went out for a walk. When he returned he discovered evidences that the cat had been devoured by the voracious owl and that the owl had died of eating too much cat meat.

THERE is a kind of hypocrisy by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him.

MARRIAGE IN TIROL.—It is the custom in Tirol for a man, when he is engaged to be married, to wear a bouquet in his hat. The damsel gives him every day or two a fresh bouquet picked from the flower-pots in her window. Should she prove fickle and jilt the swain, the other young men of the village assemble under her window and throw down the flower-pots.

A stranger wonders, on seeing so many men with bouquets stuck in their hats, why they do not marry, especially as not a few of them are what we call "old bachelors." The explanation is that the village commune will not allow any person to marry unless he can show that he has laid by a sum of money sufficient to support a family.

A lady traveling through Tirol in a stellwagen, a cross between a diligence and an omnibus, overheard the driver talking to a man at his side on the box, and complaining of his occupation. He had worked hard for many years, he said, to get money enough to marry; but the sum was far below what it must be before the commune would give him permission to marry the woman he was engaged to. It increased so slowly that he did not know if he should ever get the coveted permission.

The lady's heart softened towards the poor fellow, and she gave him a large *pourboire*, or drink-money, as the fee is called. Sometimes a dozen or more of engaged young men and women, despairing of ever getting money enough to secure the commune's permission, go on a pilgrimage to Rome, begging their way on foot. When there, they are married; but on their return to their native village they are fined, as a punishment for breaking the law.

ALL over New York news stands containing papers may be seen at all hours of the day unattended. Customers walk up to them, make their selection of a paper, throw down the "change" for it and walk away. It often happens that the customer has a larger coin than will pay for the paper selected, in which case he will make his own change from the coins thrown on the table by others.

The proprietor of the stand may be within hearing distance, but frequently is a block away. No one ever thinks of looking for him, and his experience has taught him that the average honesty of mankind is above the price of a newspaper.

UNDER a recent decision of the North Carolina Supreme Court, a judge in that State has issued a warrant for the arrest of a man for committing an assault with a deadly weapon, "to wit, a certain vicious and large bulldog."

What is called moderation is sometimes feebleness or incapacity.

WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 30, 1888.

Forethoughtful people who think more of getting good, substantial, worthful articles at a fraction of the common price than of being at the very tip top of every wave crest of Fashion find a rich reward by looking about the store these days. When goods of any sort get a little behind the fashion or the season, down go the prices.

Thrifty buyers watch for such chances.

This is their harvest time.

A SENSATION IN SUITINGS, 52-in., FINE All-wool stuff, excellent quality, 50c. Precisely what we have been selling for $1, and good value at that. Mixed or broken checks; various favorite shades 30-in. Cheviot Suiting in mixtures and plaids; modest colors, suitable for immediate and Spring wear; 25 cents. Words enough to set it flying.

Black Serge Foule. A new arrival. Every fibre fine wool. Soft to the touch, yet firm and crisp under finger pressure. 40 in. wide, 37½c. A before unheard of price for such goods.

WHAT A BLESSING THAT BLANKETS AND COAL are not both dear. A little money will buy a great deal of Blanket just now.

Or of Comfortable. "Tuck in" Comfortables, 84 inches square big enough to cover the biggest bed and have something to spare—$2.75. Turkey-red medallion centre, and filled with pure carded cotton.

COLD WEATHER COME TOO LATE TO SAVE THE prices of Furs. Prices are by the almanac. Everything is down more or less:

Beaver Gauntlets, $1.50 from $5.00.
Beaver Gauntlets, $5.00 from $7.50.
Beaver Mufflers, $4 from $6.
Beaver Mufflers, $5 from $8.
Goat Robes, $5, $7, and $10.
Prairie Wolf Robes, $12 and $15.
Mountain Wolf Robes, $20 and $25.

Catch the price idea from these. The sag is as much in Russian Circulars, Fur-lined Circulars, and such things, as in Driving Furs.

HURRAH TIME FOR SKATERS. SKATES any proved sort, $1 to $6.

HORSE BLANKETS AND LAP ROBES, $4.50 to $20.

DOG COLLARS OF EVERY SORT. A VERY good imitation Patent Leather Collar for 25 cents; then up and up to $6. Dog Blankets, $1 to $2.50. Harness, $1.15 to $8.75.

BOOK NEWS for February ready this week.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Humorous.

SEASONING.

A little boy, a pair of skates,
A hole in the ice and golden gates.

The surgeon grins
From ear to ear,
The sliding track
At last is here.

'Tis now the festive skater
Doth cut the figure 2,
And limpeth homeward, later,
Stiff-limbed and black and blue.

A man on iced sidewalks may slip in his traces
And fall like a carload of sin;
But though his neck's broken in fifty-two places,
He'll get up with a laugh and a grin.
—U. N. None.

A stowaway—The glutton.

A very troublesome young lady—Misunderstood.

The same thing strikes men differently—snowballs, for instance.

There is not much color to gin, yet it can scarcely be called a sober tint.

Why is an unsteady man like an unsteady light?—Because he is apt to go out of his head.

"It is so cold in Sweden," said a returned traveler, "that in winter time I invariably put on my gloves to wash with.

Real estate is so high at Wichita, Kansas, that bootblacks, it is said, will give you a "shine" and pay you a dollar for the mud on your boots.

Scientists say that the savage has a more acute sense of smell than civilized people. When two savages get together how they must suffer.

New York man, smilingly, shaking hands: "Excuse my glove." Boston acquaintance, frigidly: "Ah! certainly. Excuse my spectacles."

Some people are so sanguine in this world that they think they can plant a handful of seed in a snowdrift and gather a carload of strawberries the day after the first thaw.

The ancient proverb says: "You cannot get more out of a bottle than you put in it." That's an error. Besides what he puts in he can get a headache, a sick stomach and perhaps 10 days in the lockup.

Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.

A joker says an expeditious mode of getting up a row is to carry a long ladder on your shoulder in a crowded thoroughfare, and every few moments turn round to see if any one is making faces at you.

A New York gentleman returning home at a late hour is halted by a mendicant. "What do you mean by boxing on the streets at this hour of the night?" "Don't worry about me, I always carry a latch key."

Photographer, to sitter: "You're sure the position you occupy now is the one you want?" Sitter: "Yes, positive." Photographer: "Just to make double sure, won't you come here and look in the camera and see?"

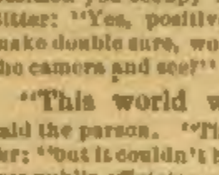
"This world was made in six days," said the parson. "That may be," replied the scoffer; "but it couldn't have been done by contract unless public officials were a good deal different from what they are in these days."

"What two beautiful children! Are they twins?" said an old bachelor to an Austin lady with two children." "Oh, yes, they are twins," replied the lady. "Excuse my curiosity, madam, but are you the mother of both of them?"

"When am I going to get that new suit of clothes I ordered 3 weeks ago?" asked Gilhooley of his tailor, Herr Schneider. "Choost so soon as you pays for dot oder suit I makes you last year." "But, my good fellow, I can't afford to wait that long."

During a trial for assault in Arkansas, a club, a rule, an axe-handle, a knife and a shot-gun were exhibited as the instruments with which the deed was done. It was also asserted that the man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a hadsaw and a dog. The jury unanimously decided that they would have given a dollar apiece to see such a batty fight.

HUMPHREYS'



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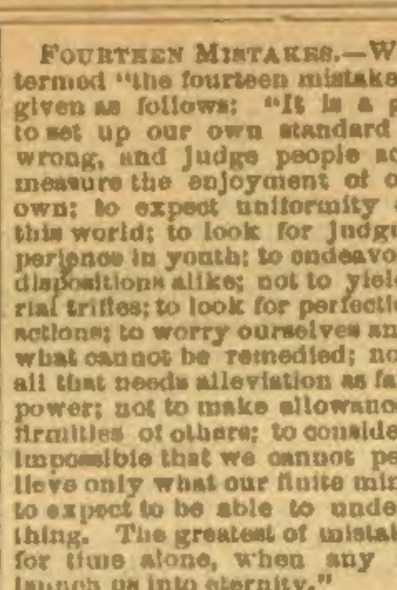

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The season has had many noted weddings. This gives an impetus to fashion, and has had the result of producing several novelties in every line of business, which would otherwise have crept out more tardily.

The new morning and evening gowns, jackets and mantles, hats and bonnets, as well as smaller details, such as hose, muffs and veils, are all well launched, so that the emporiums of such things, which are just now busy with customers, are tempting in the extreme.

Stripes, many of them very broad, are certainly popular again for this winter; but they are soft in appearance, being mostly composed of a number of narrow lines, harmoniously blended. Some of the woollen materials have stripes of frise velvet, with encircling designs of leaves, in soft shades. These are only used for skirts, and made up with plain material for bodice and drapery.

Gold embroidery is used on dark gowns, both woollen and of richer fabrics. Panels and waistcoats, cuffs, and other styles of trimming, are of rich gold embroidery, and even the hats and bonnets are ornamented with it. This notion comes to us from Paris, where this style—essentially Russian, and called *a la* Romanoff—is becoming popular for smart costumes.

For evening wear there is a colored woollen crepe, introduced by a few of the leading houses of business, which is in lovely colors, nearly three-quarters of a yard wide, and not expensive in price. It is made up with the gold embroidery, lace, or watered silk ribbons.

There are two decided items of fashion which are rapidly gaining ground. One is the braided skirts, and the other the "pinked" ones. In the former there are dark blue braided with black, gray with a darker shade, red with deep red, etc. The braid is put on by its edge, which gives it a raised appearance.

One style of gown has the entire plain full skirt braided up to about the knees in front, where a short drapery crosses it and falls into the folds at the side and back. The front of the bodice and the tops of the sleeves are braided. Other skirts have braided panels. There is usually a plain row of broad braid near the edge of the skirt, and the finer braiding seems to rise from it. Children's winter frocks are braided, and very smart they look.

Braiding is becoming quite fashionable work for both children's and adults' wear. Gold braiding on white is being used for panels of evening gowns, but the darker colors on dark materials are naturally by far the most general.

Braiding the crowns of hats and bonnets, and the outsides of muffs, is also done. Braided jackets, plain or edged with a fold of beaver, golden seal, or gray fur, are quite novel, and this is also being practiced by amateur hands, after the article has been cut out by a tailor and tacked together.

Close-fitting braided waistcoats now take the place of the full vests of last summer, and they are generally made separate from the bodice, so they can be changed. They look well with the loose-fronted bodices and jackets.

White ones, braided with gold, are worn with a dark gown. The "pinked out" scalloped edges of tunics and skirts are very ornamental. They are often in double rows, and sometimes rest on a band of velvet.

A pretty gown consists of a cloth skirt in dark blue, with a tunic and bodice of smoke-gray cloth, left open up one side, with a double row of "pinked" scallops all round, and strapped across with thick gray cord in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, with knot and ends in the centre, falling down on the blue underskirt, which shows through this wide opening.

The sleeves, collar, and fronts of the bodice are all "pinked," and the waistcoat is of dark blue corduroy. There are mantles of beaded and braided cloth, but plush is still a favorite.

From Paris comes the news that several fashionable French brides have recently been married in white cloth gowns, principally the smooth, shiny-faced Venetian cloth. The bodice and square train are of the cloth, the latter edged with a full pleating of white braid, while a ruche of white velvet and a band of silver passementerie is laid all round it. The front of bodice and skirt is sometimes of old Greek or Venetian guipure, or of embroidered silver on cloth.

Simpler costumes are made with a short walking-length skirt, the waistcoat of silver embroidery, with revers, cuffs and collar of white velvet.

A bride, who is destined to become an Empress of China, has had such a wonderous trousseau prepared for her, that it reads like the Arabian Nights, or some gorgeous fairy tale.

One Court dress, to be worn on gran occasions, is of dark blue satin, with borders of rich gold embroidery, and large dragons embroidered all over it, while down the front the words "Wan Fu" (Eternal Happiness), and "Wan Shou" (Eternal Life), are worked in real gold thread.

An apron, for grand occasions, is of red and blue satin, elaborately embroidered all over with gold, and trimmed with otter skin. A handkerchief, which is part of the costume, and is worn in the waist-belt, is bright green silk, richly worked in gold, with tassels of strung jewels and yellow ribbons.

Perhaps the most wonderful item of all is the best Court hat, which has the crown of red velvet, from which rises a large button composed of three sections, each of which has three large pearls of great beauty, and seventeen small ones, the whole surmounted with a very large pearl, supporting a phœnix in gold. Several gold phœnix surround the button, each encrusted with a cat's-eye, seven large and twenty-one small pearls. At the back of the hat, below the button, a gold pheasant with a cat's-eye, and sixteen pearls in it, is placed. The tail of the bird is divided into five parts, and set with 302 small and five large pearls, forming a pendant, the centre of which is composed of a fine lapis lazuli, surrounded by pearls. At the of the pendant, a large coral hangs.

The rim of this wonderful hat is sable, and there is a collar attached to the back of it, the outside of which is sable, the lining of yellow silk, with strings ornamented at the ends with diamonds.

Red plush bonnets, with Alsatian bows of black watered silk, are stylish and becoming. A great many bonnets are trimmed with fur.

Hats are very varied in shape; some, composed of a sort of camel's hair, have a wide band of dark velvet of the same color edging them, and the material drawn up and apparently sewn with worsted in large cross-bar stitches. The gray hats are decidedly popular, but the red ones are more generally becoming.

Colored handkerchiefs are still popular, and it is much the custom to buy several colored ones, cut them in half from corner to corner, and join the odd halves together, so that, when they are tucked into the bodice, two colors peep out. Red and blue, pink and brown, old gold and gray, are all favorite mixtures.

A tea-gown of cream China silk, with the gray feathery fur now so fashionable, and long yellow ribbons; a dressing-gown of white cashmere, trimmed with brown fur, and tied with wide white ribbons, and a dressing jacket of quilted red Surah, are among the many fashionable novelties of the season.

Pretty new knicknacks are always in request. Among pencils, there are lucifer matches, half sticks of sealing-wax, burnt at one end, cigarettes, tennis racquets, cricket stumps, all exact copies in miniature of the originals.

A useful little article, a revival of an old model, is the automatic candle extinguisher, which is self-acting. It is an ornamental embossed brass band, placed round the candle, with an extinguisher attached. When the candle burns down to the top of the band the extinguisher falls, and puts out the light. For travelers, the portable candlestick is a useful gift. It takes to pieces, and packs up into a small space. Sometimes in traveling a candlestick is much needed, and this one is ornamental, and is supposed to fit ordinary-sized candles, obtainable anywhere.

Odds and Ends.

TABLES AND TABLE COVERS.

The informal arrangement of present day drawing-rooms and boudoirs has led to the production of tiny tables of all shapes and kinds, and from the expensive and serviceable octagon or circular kettle-drum, to the tuck-aways of every shape and size, and that latest introduction, the pretty triple water lily, these useful adjuncts to the plenishings of one's home are now obtainable throughout the length and breadth of the country, the parcel post coming helpfully to the succor of very out-of-the-way country folk.

Quite the latest of tables are the ones similar to those which were in use in the days of Rameses 1300 B. C. The originals of these delightful little tables were dug up at Thebes, and with the stools belonging to them are probably the oldest examples of furniture extant.

In the copies of the tables and stools the latter are hollowed out in so tempting a fashion that one can imagine nothing more delightful upon a cold afternoon than a snug fireside corner, with a Rameses table and stool and the modern accompaniment of a fragrant cup of Souchong.

Painting or carving the tops is a pretty method of decorating the larger varieties of kettle-drum tables, the coloring in the former case being, of course, planned to harmonize with the accessory furniture. As a rule, conventional forms should be selected for tables, as it is scarcely in accordance with the fitness of things to place a wreath of roses or clematis upon an article destined to support a tea cup or work basket. Many Indian designs are well adapted for reproduction for this purpose.

Painted wooden tables should be varnished, and after being rubbed over with glass paper, subsequently French polished; but the varnishing and polishing process, as a rule, is best entrusted to professional hands, good paintings being frequently completely ruined by amateur attempts to accomplish this part of the work.

Large circular porcelian plaques, mounted in ormolu, form handsome tables, but these, of course, are only suitable for fixed positions in a room, as the fragile nature of the tops will not permit of their being carried with safety from place to place in the same manner as the more generally useful wooden table.

For real hard use nothing is better than an incised wooden top. This incising is pleasant work for wood carvers, and might be much more generally practiced than it is by ladies.

From tables to table covers is a natural sequence. The choice of them is so great it is almost impossible to specialize any; but quite the newest and most elegant are those with colored satin centres, powdered with conventional gold sprigs, finished off with broad borders of white sheeting, decorated with arabesques painted in oil colors, and outlined with gold thread. The general effect of these is quite charming, and they are made in various sizes to suit either tiny tables or ones of more extended dimensions.

Similar table covers would be pleasant work to make at home, procuring a square of one of the lovely art shades of satin, and sufficient cream sheeting to form a border about six inches wide.

Plush table covers are to be seen in great variety, and when glancing over the exquisitely shaded tones of color combined in them, one cannot refrain from a grateful sense of satisfaction that the days of printed and damask cloths are past and gone, and that now for dining or drawing-room such exquisite substitutes are procurable.

Small covers of printed plushette, and those of plain plushette are charming covers for small tables in constant use, the addition of a ball fringe rendering them very complete.

Slips are by many people now preferred to cloths folding over the edges of centre or side table, and plushette is an admirable material for this purpose; also good rich velveteen, which lends itself well to embroidery, is also to be recommended for the table slips, as well as for covers.

The Java table covers are charming. For many purposes they may be used as they are, or they would form an admirable basis for embroidery, the quaint birds and beasts upon them being well adapted for silk enrichments.

So also are the Bretonne handkerchiefs, the borders of which may be elaborately stitched over with silks and gold thread, and mounted with plush or satin centres.

Diagonal serge table covers, powdered with suns worked in gold thread and finished off by a deep plush border, are amongst the novelties shown at some decorators. They may be easily made at home, the "suns" being simply circles of gold thread, with extending rays arranged round them. The suns are placed on the cloth at irregular intervals, technically speaking "powdered" over the surface, and patterns for these may now be procured in transfer paper.

Embroidered table covers should be neatly lined with thin silk or satin, as the fraying of the silk upon the reverse side should be guarded against. All these table covers look best finished off with a row of little silk tassels or ball fringe, the former, of course, being used upon delicate materials such as satin, the use of the woollen balls being confined to plushette and other woollen substances.

MISTRESS: "Why, Mary, I told you to make up my room an hour ago, and here it is in terrible disorder." Mary: "Yis, mum, an' I did make it up; but the master came in to put on a clane collar, mum, and he lost the button."

Confidential Correspondents.

SECRET.—There were 10,056,347 votes cast at the last Presidential election, of which Cleveland received 4,911,017.

S. U.—It was Richard Cobden an Englishman, who was styled the "Apostle of Free Trade." He died in 1865.

BELTOND.—To "spare at the spigot and spill at the bung" means to be saving in small matters and wasteful in great.

THOMAS.—Cutting the hair certainly does strengthen it, if done judiciously. Singeing away the fluffy and weak growing hairs seems to have in some cases a beneficial effect.

EXPRESS.—"Limited liability" is a term applied to a joint stock company in which each partner is only liable for the debts of the company to the extent of the amount of his share.

ROB ROY.—The total population of the United States by the census of 1880 was 50,155,783. As the average increase from 1870 to 1880 was 30.08 per cent., it may be inferred that at present the population is close to 60,000,000.

PERPLE.—1. The governor of Pennsylvania is Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the Commonwealth, and of the militia except when they may have been called into the actual service of the United States. 2. The Vanderbilts are of Dutch, not German origin.

ALLOY.—1. It is difficult to recommend you books without knowing the subject in which you are interested. 2. The alloy, known as fusible metal, which melts when thrown into boiling water, is obtained by the fusion of one part of tin, two of lead, and four of bismuth by weight.

PEDRSDALE.—Before the inventor can receive a patent he must make application therefor in writing to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington D. C., and must file in the Patent Office a written description of the same and of the manner of making and using it in clear terms. The specification and claim must be signed by the inventor and attested by two witnesses.

NOINUR.—Bunions are caused by a thickening and inflammation of the structures over a joint that suffers from irritation or pressure, generally of a badly fitting boot. The cause of irritation or pressure must be kept off by means of a pad of wool or lint, or one of the circular corn-plasters, which are very useful. If suppuration has set in, the case must be treated by rest and poultices, etc.

HANNAH.—The surest way to a man's esteem is to flatter his vanity; and when that position is once gained, and the parties are impressible and eligible, love follows imperceptibly, but as a matter of course. We will give Hannah, and all girls situated like her, a hint. The shafts of Cupid often—much oftener than is supposed—find their way to the heart of man through the aperture in the letter-box of business.

T. A. P.—Varicose veins are not, as a rule, dangerous to life; though, if they become very much enlarged, they may rupture, and give rise to a very serious hemorrhage. We believe in the early treatment of all venous enlargement by means of support, such as is afforded by elastic apparatus, stockings, rubber bandages, and the like. But these should be worn continuously and kept in proper repair, or their use is worse than being without them at all.

DULCIMER.—Any treatise on acoustics will give the laws of vibrating bodies as regards length and pitch, which you can apply in the construction of your instrument. A glass dulcimer is little more than a plaything in the shape of a thin wooden box about an inch deep, along the length of which are stretched two cords, to which the pieces of glass are fastened with gelatine or wax. We doubt if you will succeed in getting three octaves, and it is impossible to give the length of glass for a given note, as the pitch also depends on the thickness and density of the material.

GREGORY.—The late Lord Lytton is distinguished both as a novelist and as a dramatist. Born in 1805, he was the youngest son of General Bulwer, of Haydon Hall, Norfolk. He was created a baronet in 1838, succeeded to the maternal estate of Knebworth in 1843, when he assumed his mother's name, Lytton, and was raised to the peerage in 1866. His literary genius, though not of the highest type, was singularly prolific, so much so that the bare list of his works would occupy far more space than can here be spared. His son, the present Lord Lytton, is also an author, and has written much under the name "Owen Meredith."

ARTLESS.—You will act wisely if you refrain from corresponding with a man who is not engaged to you. Men and women who are friends do correspond freely, but the timid tone of your question make us think that you wish to play at Platonic friendship with some one who ought not to indulge in such unwisdom. No good ever comes of such epistolary flirtations, and we advise you to avoid compromising yourself. Supposing that by chance a servant catches sight of an envelope addressed by you, do you imagine for a moment that she will not mention the matter to her friends? Then where will be your pretty little secret?

G. C.—In the old times a gentleman was said to have received a liberal education if he knew Greek, Latin, and a little mathematics. It was taken for granted that he had lived in the select society of the University among well-bred youths and stately tutors. But our ideas are changed now, and the old educational notions are fast disappearing. The phrase "liberal education" is rarely used at all. Science has stepped in, and a man who has secured the degree of B.Sc. is accounted quite the equal of any classical scholar. So long as a student knows a subject thoroughly, it matters very little whether he takes his degree in mathematics, classics, laws, or science.

A. P.—In the ordinary use of language, to know and to understand are synonymous; but in a critical sense the word understand has a broader meaning than the word know. A child may know it has a pulse. It may feel its pulse, and know it, just as surely as a philosopher would know his. But to understand the pulse would require a knowledge of physiology. Your lover probably thinks that he knows you pretty well, but it is evident that he does not yet understand you; and it is possible that as long as you both live he will be learning to understand you better and better, and be constantly finding something new in your character to wonder at and—we hope—admire.